

# THE SATURDAY

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 133 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.



# EVENING POST

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, } EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
HENRY PETERSON, }

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

(ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1858.)  
(WHOLE NUMBER 1000, 1859.)

## THE NEW TEMPLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

How shall we make a house of worth  
Fit for the Builder of the earth?  
A temple high and broad,  
A dwelling for our God?

Build the wide windows fair and high,  
Let in the light of sun and sky;  
Shut not the Master's face  
Out of his dwelling-place.

Make room for tender Charity,  
And Love's unwearied ministry;  
Let Patience mild and meek  
Her gentle teachings speak.

Build all the doorway arches wide,  
Yet make no room for pompous Pride—  
So Vanity and Sin  
Shall never enter in.

Let not the false similitude  
Of marble shame the honest wood—  
Let not Hypocrisy  
Within our temple be.

Let not the breath of worldly gain  
Its sacred atmosphere profane—  
Let Mammon come not near  
The souls which worship here.

Let Bigotry and Fear and Doubt  
Remain forevermore without—  
Let not their shadows fall  
Within its holy wall.

Let when the Christ—as once of yore  
He entered at the temple door—  
Shall come to see how dim  
Our love has grown for Him—

To see how much of good and grace  
We've gathered to his dwelling-place,  
He speak reproach as true  
Against the sins of men.

And grieving, ask us, "Is it well  
Within my house to buy and sell?  
Behold my eye perceives  
Only a den of thieves!"

No! When in answer to our prayer  
He comes and walks among us there,  
Oh, may we hear anew—  
"My peace I leave with you!"

"For in this earthly house of mine  
I feel my Father's presence shine—  
My children here abide  
Live even as they pray!"

## Original Romance.

### THE CAVALIER.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "RICHIE," "DARLINE," "MARY  
OF BERG," "THE OLD DOMINION,"  
&c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year  
1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office  
of the District Court for the Eastern District of  
Pennsylvania.]

#### CHAPTER XVII.

"How steady, my men! steady!" said the Earl of Dartmoor, entering the kitchen of the inn, "not a shot till I give the order! Balls thrown away, have lost more than one battle in these wars. Lacy, come up to that window, and let me get down. Pie, man, your hand shakes."

"I am with eagerness, then, my lord," replied the man, making way, "let me give them one shot, at least."

"When you are less eager," replied the Earl, "it is not eagerness we want, but coolness. You could not hit the stable door, just now. Calm yourself, man; and you shall come up as soon as I have seen the effect of the first fire."

Thus saying, he climbed upon the table and looked out. The dismounted troopers were advancing steadily and in good order; and were apparently men who had seen some service.

"They are detaching men to the right and left," said the Earl; "mark them well, and let them not get round the house. There is our weak point. Hold! not yet, not yet! cover them well."

He paused, holding up his hand to enforce obedience; and then followed a moment or two of profound silence, while with a heavy tramp, increasing in quickness as they approached the house, the enemy came on. When they were so near that the whites of their eyes could be seen, and each man raised his rifle lock to aim at the heads they saw at the window, the Earl dropped his hand, exclaiming, "Fire!" and at once, a volley poured forth which told with terrible effect. Some six or seven of the assailants rolled upon the ground at once. Others were evidently hit, but more slightly; but both those who were wounded and those who were untouched, fell back in dismay upon the body behind, carrying confusion with them.

"Load, load!" cried Bernard March; "they will soon form again. Here, give me a carbine. It is a long shot, but I will try it!" and aiming deliberately at the head of the body of

cavalry, he fired. The ball dropped somewhat in its course—for arms were anything but perfect in those days—and missing the rider, struck the horse of the man apparently in command of the troopers. The poor beast reared, rushed madly among the ranks, and then fell, rolling over upon his master, around whom a good deal of bustle was observed, as his followers strove to raise him, and carry him to the rear. That shot seemed a signal to the men in the stables, for a sharp fire was opened at once, from the doors and the small windows which faced the green, upon the flank of the cavalry; but in the meanwhile the great body of foot, who were advancing to support the advance, soon rallied from their temporary disarray, and came on at quick time.

"Here, Lacy, come up now," said Bernard, "you can stand here. Calmly, calmly, my man!"

And he stooped down to aid him up to the top of the table on which he himself was placed. But just as the young man reached the top, a ball passed the window, and struck him on the head. With a convulsive spring, but without a word, he fell back; and Bernard March catching the carbine from his hand as he fell, turned to the window. There was some thin smoke curling round a man in the front rank of the advancing party, and the carbine was instantly levelled towards him.

"That man is too good a shot to fire any more," said Bernard March, as he pressed the stock to his shoulder so tight, that the barrel seemed to tremble. It could have shaken but little, however; for the next instant, the man who had fired was rolling on the ground.

"Poor fellow!" said the young Earl, jumping down from the table, and looking at Lacy, "he would have made a good soldier when he got over his eagerness. God be with him! Lay him on yonder bed. Now, gentlemen, we can get more bullets to each window, I think. Draw a little back those two mattresses. That will give six more guns. No one will care for scorching his horse for life, liberty, and King Charles. So fire between our friends here; but mind that every ball be true. If I see one ball fall, I shall think that he who fired it was afraid. It must be nearly time to give them another volley. What are they doing, Ingoldsby?"

"They seem consulting, my lord," replied the man whom he addressed. "They have stopped in their advance, and are pointing up at the house."

"Let them not pass that little path which crosses the green," said Lord Dartmoor. "I must see to the horses in the shed; for we shall soon have to come to closer quarters with them. In the meantime, I trust to you to keep them back; for—" he added with a laugh—"I am terribly afraid, as you may see; and if they pass the corner, they may make me prisoner, which I should not like."

The mind, there can be no doubt, is more susceptible of infection than the body, and the high and well-assured tone of their leader added not a little to the courage and determination of men who were anything but defective in those qualities.

"Where is the cornet, old man?" asked the Earl, speaking in a low voice to the landlord of the house, who had remained below, while his wife had gone up to comfort the ladies, after her fashion, "one was brought here, I saw. The other is most likely at the stables."

"It is there, my lord; it is there," he answered, "in the corner behind the cupboard. But alack! I fear me it is a bad case."

"A bad case!" said Bernard, almost scornfully; "in ten minutes you shall see these men flying along the road. Mark! There is another volley. How many are down, Ingoldsby?"

"I cannot see for the smoke, my lord," replied the man, "but I think not less than nine. Stay. Two have got round the house, and a petard with them. For Heaven's sake, look to the back door."

"Take care of them here; leave the others to me," said the Earl. "Give them another shot while they are in confusion. Load quick there below; you can surely load as quick as they can fire;" and he hurried at once to the shed behind the house. There he found the horses, some thirteen or fourteen in number, quietly munching some hay at the rack; but at the wide door were gathered seven or eight men with carbines in their hands, one of whom was leaning against the door post, with his weapon pointed at some one apparently coming up, while one of his companions had a hand laid lightly on his shoulder, and was whispering in his ear. The man to whom he spoke, quickly motioned him back, and the young Earl paused short ere he reached him, saying, "Coolly, coolly!"

There was an instant of perfect silence, and then the sharp crack of the carbine.

"He is over!" said the man who had fired; "I never miss my mark, at a cool hundred."

And looking forth, Bernard saw that what he said was true. The man carrying the petard, was on the ground; but his companion was unscathed, and running back to his companions on the green. Perhaps the leader would not have objected that he should carry with him the tidings that all sides of the house were well guarded; but three or four shots were at once fired over his shoulder, and the Roundhead, whoever he was, retreated slowly with a dishonorable wound.

"Well aimed," said Bernard March, "I trust the defence of this post to you. I see you have the horses safe. Some of you put on the saddles, and see that the ladies' horses be

girted up tight. In about ten minutes we shall have to attack those fellows in front and disperse them. We must not let them waste all our ammunition."

"They are not firing from the barn, my lord," said the man to whom he spoke; "I have not seen a puff of smoke from that quarter; and only one volley from the stables."

"They do well," replied the young Earl, "they obey orders. In a few minutes you will see more. Only guard this spot surely. It is our weakest point. You have the post of honor."

"But they are not firing from the upper windows, either, sir," rejoined the man, "at least I think so—and I have looked out three or four times."

"That is a mistake," said Bernard, "I gave the order; but the men were hurried, and may have forgotten it. I will go and see."

Thus saying, he left them and hurried back into the house. He there found the soldier's information true. No men had been placed at the upper windows; but the defect was soon remedied, and six more bullets were poured upon the enemy as they advanced again to the attack. But though they came on boldly and in tolerable order, it was evident to so practiced an eye as Lord Dartmoor's, that they were disheartened, as much, perhaps, by the perfect inactivity of their horse, as by their own want of success. Again they recoiled, and this time they fell back almost to the feet of the horses; but there they rallied, and an eager conversation took place between the foot and some of the mounted men.

"They will come on once more," said the Earl, "but it will be their last attack. Load carefully, and fire deliberately. In five minutes our turn will come. Each man be ready at a moment's warning to issue forth to the attack. Those troopers will run in a moment. All their old soldiers are dismounted in front. I go up to the roof. Listen for the trumpet, and when it sounds dash out upon the enemy. If you do not win a complete victory to-day I am much in error."

He took the cornet, or flag of a troop of horse from the corner in which it had been placed, beckoned to a young man who stood near with a trumpet in his hand to follow him, and mounted the stairs. For one moment he again paused at the door of Lucy Langdale, and looked in. She and her mother were on their knees by the side of the bed, while Henry and the men were standing at the window. Bernard threw his arm gently round her, saying, "Fear not, my love, fear not! Those men will be flying in five minutes. Henry, get all ready to depart, and when you hear the trumpet lead Lucy and your mother down to the shed I showed you. You will find the horses there. Mount and follow with these good men. Let me and the rest fall forth first. We will clear the green of the rebels for you in a minute. They are already shaken, and know not whether to stand or run. One good charge and they are gone. But wait for the trumpet ere you go down. Fear not, my love, fear not!"

"It was for you I was praying, Bernard," said Lucy; but at that moment came the sound of a loud volley, both from the room below and that opposite, and Lord Dartmoor darted up the stairs to the roof of the house.

The scene below was one he was pleased to see. The body of Roundhead musketeers was sadly diminished, and in complete confusion, and it would seem that a party of the cavalry having turned upon the stables had been received by a fire so true and well directed, that it had not only thrown the young levy into disarray, but actually put them to flight, and a considerable body was galloping down the lane as fast as they could go.

Bernard seized the cornet from the hands of the trumpeter, and shook it from the parapet of the house, crying,

"Blow! blow a charge with all your might!"

The next instant the shrill, inspiring sound of a cavalry charge was heard ringing over the green, the great barn doors were thrown open, and out darted the royalist horse upon the flank of the enemy. But Bernard March did not wait to see. Ere the last trooper had left the barn, he was down the stairs, in the shed, and upon his horse.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

Hurried rapidly down the little stairs, and mounted on her horse, she hardly knew how, with her bridle rein in the hand of her brother, and young John Gray by her mother's side, Lucy Langdale opened her large, dark eyes upon the scene on the green before her. All for a moment seemed confusion, of which she could make nothing—men and horses inextricably confounded, swords flashing, guns firing, and clouds of smoke rolling along with the light wind. But soon she saw the figure of her old friend Pierrot, and a stout man she knew not, driving his charger into the midst of a body of foot, and with uplifted arm smiting right and left with blows which never fell in vain. Forth from the door of a long range of wooden buildings opposite poured a line of men, some mounted, but most on foot, firing as they came up, while a considerable body of cavalry were seen galloping as if for life down the lane which led to the more cultivated country on the left; and amidst the whole appeared a number of figures of what party she could not discover, catching stray horses, lifting wounded men from the ground, or in separate groups waging a hand to hand fight with some of those whose determined courage resisted to the last.

The din was deafening, for there were many sounds—discharges of musketry, and separate pistol shots, and loud cries of command, and shrieks of wounded men, and the braying of the trumpet; but above all were heard the clear, melodious tones of the young leader, giving his orders apparently as calmly as if he were speaking in a saloon.

"Mount, mount, my men, and pursue those fugitives along the road!" cried Bernard March to the men who were issuing from the stables, "do not follow too far; but let them not form again for a mile or two. Leave these to us. Charge that body on the right, Loftus! They are rallying—keep back, Henry Langdale. Don't you see they are turning your flank? Charge those in front, Harding. By the Lord they will cut him off," and suddenly wheeling his horse he spurred towards the spot where Lucy and her mother were coming up. Lucy closed her eyes, for a dozen of the musketeers were at once upon her brother. She felt his hand let go her rein, and a shot, and a scream from her mother, with a wild whirl of objects round her told that something terrible had happened. But when she opened her eyes again, the first objects she saw were Henry's horse rolling on the ground, he himself prostrate near, with a musketeer standing over him, and Bernard March, with his sword high in air, dealing a blow at the foot soldier's neck. It was none too soon; for the musket only hung fire for a moment, and as the man fell with his head nearly severed from his shoulders, the place went off, and the ball passed between Lucy and her mother.

"Up and mount another horse, Henry!" cried the Earl, turning his charger upon the other musketeers. "Catch that least, John—follow more slowly—let the green be cleared;" and he galloped on, but the foot stood not to resist; defeated, dispirited, they fled across the little open space, clambered over the gates and hedges, and seemed to have no thought but of escaping from the fiery pursuit behind them.

John Gray caught without difficulty the horse of one of the troopers who had fallen, and aided Henry Langdale, sorely bruised and shaken, to remount; and slowly the little party began to move forward again till they reached the high road. Lucy Langdale rode up to her son's side, eagerly inquiring if he was hurt, and Lucy asked many questions too; but her eyes, it must be confessed, wandered to other parts of the scene, where the form of Bernard March appeared whirling about, now here, now there, driving the scattered fragments of the Roundhead force before him, and never giving them even a moment to attempt a rally again. The only body indeed which showed any disposition to do so, was composed of the old foot soldiers; but so complete had become the panic, that many even of these threw away their muskets to escape more easily, and scarcely a horseman was now in sight.

It was indeed a fearful scene for poor Lucy Langdale, when at length she and her mother drew up their horses on the road some seventy yards from the inn door. Dead and dying were scattered thickly about, and wounded horses were seen on every side, expiring in mute patience, or struggling up for a moment in the agonies of death, and falling back again with a convulsive plunge. Scarcely in so small a space and with so few men engaged on either side, had a more bloody field been fought; and long afterwards—ay, even in the present day—has it been remembered as "the bloody skirmish of Goose Green."

All the sights turned the poor girl faint, and she now for the first time had a full idea of those horrors of war which she had often heard of, but never before seen.

Young John Gray marked the fading color in her cheek, and while her mother endeavored to encourage her with words of comfort, he called it a glorious victory; producing no answer but a faint shake of the head. The lad rode off to the inn, calling upon his father, old John, to bring something to restore the young lady. The old man not very willingly looked forth, and ventured a little way out when he saw that the green was cleared, but his good old wife hustled forward and approached Lucy's side with a glass and a bottle of water, saying, "Take some of this, my dear, it would be better if it were stronger; but the men have drunk us all out. It is the same with all of them, the Cavaliers drink and sing, and the Roundheads pray and drink. But there is many a one of them who will neither pray nor drink after this day."

"Where is Lord Dartmoor?" asked Lucy faintly, "I do not see him now."

"He is gone up the lane, my lady, driving the last of those men before him, I fancy to stop them from rallying on the moor. He won't leave them as long as there are two of them together. I saw him ride by from the window. I fancy those folks will not meddle with him again. It's like fingerling melted lead they say to touch him."

By degrees some eight or ten of the men who had scattered in pursuit of the fugitives came in, and gathered round Lucy Langdale and her family. Some were slightly wounded, others were untouched; but all were soiled with smoke and dirt; and after gazing for a moment at them abstractedly, Lucy said, in a low voice, "Had we not better dismount, mother, and take some care of the wounded?"

"Assuredly, my child. It is well bethought," answered Lucy Langdale; and dismounting from their horses, they proceeded to offer what aid they could to any of the poor wretches whom they found lying round; some received that service kindly; others repulsed them with hard words, even in the midst of agony; and assuredly many a horrid and sickening sight

had poor Lucy to see; but on the whole, the exertion did her good; and she could hardly believe that half an hour had passed when one of the soldiers came up to her, saying, "I hear the trumpet blowing the recall, my lady. The Earl will be up in a minute now. We had better get ready to march. I know there is no time to spare."

"Let us do all we can," answered Lucy, "I will mount as soon as he bids me."

"In the meantime," said Lucy Langdale, "cannot some one bring water? All these poor creatures complain of intolerable thirst."

Water was soon brought; and these two fair creatures went round, aided by the maid, raising the cool drink to many a parched lip. That was a boon not to be refused even by the most fierce and fanatical of the wounded men; and the two ladies were still in the execution of the most blessed task that can fall to human hands when Bernard March rode up, followed by about one-third of his horsemen, with the heat and excitement of victory and pursuit still flashing in his eyes and glowing on his cheek.

"Sound the recall! Loud, loud as you can blow!" said the young leader to the trumpeter behind him. "We have no time to spare. We must be across the moor before any of these men can rally. It has been a glorious day—but," he added as he cast his eyes over the green, "this is a sad spectacle;" and as he caught sight of Lucy and Lucy Langdale, he added to himself in a lower voice, "They teach me a duty."

He dismounted from his horse quietly but quickly, for the impetuous part of his character had come out in that fierce brief strife, and could not be mastered in a moment.

"Bring out all the horses and all the ammunition," he said, speaking to one of the officers behind him. "Let nothing be left which can be useful. Strange, I must leave that task to you. I must see that some care is taken of these poor wretches. I believe that none of our men are seriously wounded. Their shots at the windows told too fatally to leave the misery of a lingering death. Young Lucy went at once and hardly felt the blow; but I saw two others fall in the house, and their state must be seen to. Gather all the cavalry in order upon the green, ready to act on either road—Sound a recall! cannot you blow louder?"

"You gallop so fast, my lord," said the man, "you leave me no breath;" but without any answer, Lord Dartmoor turned away. He paused near Lucy Langdale, however, saying low and softly,

"You had better mount and be ready to depart, my love. Dear lady," addressing Lucy Langdale, "we must effect our march with all speed. We have won the day against great odds, and I hope the enemy are so far dispersed that we shall meet no further interruption; but it is well to leave nothing to chance, and if they rallied they might annoy us. I will have these poor fellows taken care of. My orders will soon be given. You and Lucy mount, and I will join you in a moment."

"Oh! give me some water! In God's name give me some water!" cried a man near, who had evidently approached too near the gates of death ever to retract his steps; but it was a comfort for his last hour; and had he died even while the cup was at his lips, Lord Dartmoor could not have found it in his heart to ask Lucy to forbear. She hurried to him and gave him water; and then to another, and another. Bernard turned into the house.

"Here, old John Gray," he exclaimed, "you say I saved your life, after Long Marston moor. If you hold your life worth anything see to those poor wounded men without. Let them be well tended. It will be worth your while, whichever party wins. If the Parliament be lords of the day, so shall you carry favor with them. If King Charles is victorious, as well I hope he will be, I will exact a strict account of your obedience to my commands. Let the dead have Christian burial whatever faction they be of. First, that poor fellow who lies on the last there, mark his grave with a little cross, and the letters C. L. There is that man lying beneath the window. He, too, was shot in the head. There was a third up stairs. Send up quick and see if there be any life in him."

The old man ran up himself, and while he was gone, the young Earl settled some accounts with the old woman, who had followed him into the house, pouring some money into her hand, and saying,

"That is quite enough, good dame. Well, John!"

"Alack! He is quite dead and stiffening already, my lord," said the old man.

"Let him be buried with the rest," said Bernard. "Keep the Cavaliers apart, though they have gone where factions are stilled, and all is peace. Bring out those carbines, and give them to Sergeant Loftus. They may be of service again. They have done well to-day."

When he left the inn and reappeared upon the green, he found Lucy and her mother remounted, and a party of horse drawn up a little in advance. Some spare horses, a number of pistols and carbines, and a good deal of ammunition were being brought up from the stables and the barn, and some five minutes elapsed in giving orders and making arrangements. By the end of that time, the larger party of cavalry, who had been pursuing the fugitives to the left, began to appear, and with great rapidity and good discipline, the men formed upon the green. Lord Dartmoor, who had been talking on foot with young Henry Langdale, gave a few brief, clear orders to some of his officers; and then springing on his horse, advanced to the head of the line. He took off his hat and plume, and there was a dead

silence; but his words, though loud and clear, were few.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I congratulate you! Long live King Charles; and God send him such soldiers as you."

There was a loud cheer from the men, and then Lord Dartmoor wheeled his horse to Lucy's side, but paused there for a moment without speaking. Then pointing with his sword, he exclaimed,

"New march!"

As well as if they had been disciplined for months, the cavalry began to file along the road, first a couple of horsemen, then, with an interval of some fifty yards, two more, and then, at a similar distance, a considerable party of well armed and well mounted men. When they had passed, Bernard laid his hand lightly upon Lucy's rein, saying, in a gentle tone,

"Now, my love. Lucy Langdale, let us move on," and taking the middle of the road, with Henry Langdale by the side of his mother, and the horsemen who had accompanied the two ladies riding on the right and left, Lord Dartmoor advanced at an easy pace towards the moor. A strong body followed, with a small party bringing up the rear, and covering some baggage and ammunition packed upon strong horses.

For a few minutes every one kept silence till the little column issued forth upon the open heath, and a wide view was opened on every side around. If there were enemies near, they must have been crouching among the low bushes, for no living object was to be seen, except what seemed to be a man on horseback galloping off at not less than two miles distance. The sun shone brightly; the wild birds skinned and whistled over the heath, and all seemed peace and gladness. What a contrast to the scene just past! Lucy could not help thinking of him who rode so calmly and gently by her side; and asking herself, can this be that same fiery horseman whom, not an hour ago, I saw cleaving his way like a thunder-bolt through the thickest of the enemy? Perhaps Bernard himself might judge that her loved had seen that day a phase of his character which might pain—might frighten her. But there is no combination in that strange, mixed mass called human nature, which wins so greatly upon a woman's heart as energy and gentleness.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

Long catalogues of names in the octosyllabic measure, by their harmony and the cadence they afford, very often, as we all must have felt in reading one of Sir Walter Scott's early poems, afford that pictorial element which is almost indispensable in all poetry. We see the ship of the Lord of the Isles pursue its voyage from spot to spot; we see the horse of William of Deloraine bear him from place to place; we see the hunt of James Fitzjames carry him deep into the highlands; but the march of the verso is still required, and, alas, the poor prose writer has not the same privilege. It would serve but little except to tire the reader, to tell how Lord Dartmoor and his little party passed on from the heath, which then lay between Upton and Tewkesbury, first to Elington, and then to Childs Wickham. All went quietly enough. The beautiful hills of Malvern were left behind, with many a fair sight and scene, which in happier moments might have aided the travellers to linger, but which now only obtained a passing glance. The party moved on at a quick pace, for they knew that the march must be long, and that much time had been consumed in the skirmish of the morning; but, at the same time, they had to consider that the horses were already tired, and, perhaps, Bernard March might think that there were others in his company who could not so well bear a hasty ride as himself, and his cavaliers; at Elington all halted for a few minutes to refresh the beasts; but it was a royalist part of the country, and ready service waited on those who bore King Charles's colors. But something evidently discomfited the young Earl, and when, after apparently making many inquiries of the people standing about the inn door, he rejoined Lucy and her mother, his face, to say the least, was thoughtful, not to say sad, and his first words were rather forced than natural.

"What is the matter, Bernard?" asked Lucy, with her usual frankness. "Your brow is cloudy, my love. Do you think we shall have a new attack?"

"Oh, no, dearest," he answered, with a smile at apprehensions he could not share. "No fear of that now. We are in the most friendly part of the land; but, the fact is, Henry and I have both been making many inquiries about his father, I about the King; and we can gain no tidings of either. The last news I had led me to believe that his majesty's forces must by this time be near Walsall or Birmingham. In that case the people must have heard of his advance; but, they assure me they have no tidings, with such an air of simple honesty I cannot but believe them. However, we can only pass on. At Childs Wickham probably I shall hear more, and there I can assuredly give you a quiet night. There is an old lady, a distant cousin of mine, a prudent and politic dame, who is right loyal at heart, but, who, by a little temporizing, has contrived to keep her estates from the greedy clutches of Parliament. I will send a messenger thence to Walsall. He will obtain certain news of your father, and perhaps bring me intelligence from the King."

"It is strange, Bernard, is it not?" said Henry Langdale, who was riding close behind,



"that you have neither information nor command from his majesty. What can be the cause of that?"

"There may be a thousand causes," answered Bernard March, in a dry tone. "He is marching in great haste; his messengers may have been cut off; mine may never have reached him; his hard-headed counselors may think that my little force could be of small service; or some kind friend of mine in the camp may have asked, 'Who is the Earl of Dartmoor?'—what can the Earl of Dartmoor do? You know not courts and camps, my dear lad. Those who serve a King must serve him for his own sake, must learn to bear much, and be content with little; but I do not think that some of the thousand accidents which are always playing on the world's great stage, have prevented intelligence from reaching me. Cheer up, dear lady. We shall be at Childs Wickham an hour after sunset, and you shall have some repose. But mind, whatever you see, take no notice. This good lady requires some compulsion to make her do what she has a mind to; but in her heart I am lord paramount at her house."

He spoke very cheerfully; but the eyes of lady were keen, and Lucy was not persuaded to believe that her lover was aught but most uneasy. She would not, however, add even the weight of a word to the burden which pressed upon his mind already, though could she have really seen what was passing in his heart—the certainty that a battle must be very near—the fear that he might not be present at it—the stern resolution to stake all upon success, and to cast away life itself as a mere trifle, if he could but win the day for his King—the poor girl herself might have been more uneasy.

In his calculation of the time necessary for the march, Bernard March was very nearly correct. No accident occurred to delay the progress of the party; the sun set in tranquil splendor; a pale, yellow glow spread from the west over the whole sky, and it had hardly faded into a clear night, when on the right of the road, appeared two large iron gates with a building behind each, in that perhaps mysterious but still picturesque brick architecture which distinguished the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. The first party of cavalry passed by the gates on the road and then wheeled, and when Bernard came up he advanced in person and shook the iron grating; but no one answered, though the windows showed that the lodges were not without tenants.

"This is too bad," he said. "The old lady carries her whims too far. Let some of the best mounted men follow me, and so saying he turned his horse upon the road, put him into a quick pace, and cleared, but just cleared the low stone wall.

A number of others followed, scrambling over as best they could, for all the beasts were fatigued, and some of them refused the leap. Enough, however, followed their young commander to seize upon the different doors of the lodges, and Bernard March knocked hard at that on the right hand, somewhat doubting, it is true, whether he might not find the place in possession of some Parliamentary force, although from what he knew of the country he judged such a result not very likely.

The door was opened slowly, by an old man with a candle in his hand, who stared stupidly at the party of armed horsemen, saying, in the olden parlance,

"Give you good den, Gentles. I should say, give you good night. What seek you here? We are all quiet, did fearing people, under protection, and are exempt from billet and subsistence, except a bowl of barley meal, or half a gallon of pease for each man, and wheaten bread for those holding commissions—and beer—beer of course; and good bed it is too."

"As you know by the frequent taste thereof," said the young Earl. "Why now, old Jerome, do you not know me? Methinks the very sound of my voice would have wakened you up with the memory of other years. Open those gates, old man—may, no words. Open the gates! If not, a charge of powder will soon leave me no lack at all."

"But, my lord—my good lord," said the old man, who seemed marvellously soon to recover his recollection. "My Lady Janet ordered me to open to no one."

"You cannot resist superior force, Jerome," said the Earl. "I would use no hard measures with an old friend. But if you force me to blow the lock off, the gates must stand open all night. Only tell me one thing, and tell me truly for this hesitation makes me suspicious, are there any Roundhead troops in the house?"

"God forbid!" said the old man, warmly. "No, no, my lady would not let any of such sort within her doors if she could help it—only—only—"

"Only what?" asked the Earl, almost sternly.

"Only, my lord, because there are some expected very shortly," said the old man, in a tone of so much hesitation that the doubts of Lord Dartmoor were rather confirmed than removed by his words.

The gates were, however, opened, with some slowness, giving the whole party room to pass in. The Earl ordered them at once to be shut and the keys brought to him; and bidding the old man go in and to sleep, he himself led the way towards the house.

The road passed down a long avenue of fine elms, at that time of year in complete leaf, while the moon, just rising, glided across the path, and covered the brown slopes of grass and fern in the park with gleams of silvery light.

All was still and quiet around; nothing animate was to be seen, except when a hare, startled by the horses' feet, scampered away, paused, lifted its tall ears, and then dashed off again.

At length, however, the terrace before the house was reached; and ere the party began to ascend the rise leading up to the front door, Bernard, in a quiet tone, ordered a halt, and bidding some six or seven picked men to dismount, led the way on foot, and rang the great bell at the door. It was an old Elizabethan building of considerable extent, with numerous small windows stretching along the front, and the young Earl's eye ran along the facade, where several, but not many, lamps or candles were burning. All had an appearance of peaceful quiet, and no light but one moved along

the front; but there was a keen eye watching, and every motion of that light was remarked. There was time for observation; for the door was not opened very rapidly; and before any ingress was granted, a small window was raised, and a voice inquired,

"Who is there at this hour of the night?" "It is I, the Earl of Dartmoor," replied the young nobleman. "William Hardcastle, open and let me in."

"Good luck, my lord, I must ask my lady," said the old servant; "she is very positive just now to receive no one of either party. She says her brain is turned with these disputes, and she knows not which is right and which is wrong."

"I do," said the Earl, "so be quick, for I am coming in, and I do not like standing before the door."

"Anna, my lord, anon," said the old man, and he retired from the window.

For perhaps the space of a minute Bernard March stood as if in expectation; but then taking a step or two along the terrace, to the window at the side, from which the man had spoken, he laid his hand upon the sill, and vaulted in. In another moment, the door was unlocked and the bolts drawn back; and exclaiming aloud, with a laugh, "Villie price!" Lord Dartmoor left his men to guard the possession they had obtained, and retired to lift Lucy and Lady Langdale from their horses.

"Follow, Henry," he said. "I will see to the accommodation of the men in a moment. Let that good girl come in, too; her ladies will want her."

Thus saying, he led the way into the house, and found in the hall some five or six old serving men, known in those days by the name of blue-bottles, probably from some supposed resemblance between their ab-tinctured noses, and the proboscis of the fly so called. The armed men had not moved, but one of them, Sergeant Loftus, was winking his eye to an old gentleman whom he seemed to know; and if one might judge from the row of faces, the good servants of the house were not at all displeased at the sight of the young lord. They were all smiles, though none of them spoke, and giving his arm to Lady Langdale, Bernard led her forward towards the end of the corridor, where he threw open a door, giving entrance to a hall of large dimensions, but furnished, in what was then considered, modern taste. At the opposite end of the room, near the large fire-place, stood an old lady, as straight and stiff as one of the tall-backed chairs. There was a good deal of irritation in her countenance, and the large fan in her hand was in a continual state of agitation, as she listened to something old Hardcastle was saying to her.

"Bernard, I must say I am surprised," she said, in a sharp tone, advancing towards him; but he suffered her not to conclude the sentence. "I know you are, dear lady," he said, "the whole house is surprised. It is mine by a coup de main; and from this moment I take possession of it in the name of his Majesty, King Charles the Second. You may judge I am not going to use my victory harshly; but I have here one hundred and fifty horses, and a hundred and thirty-three men, who must all be provided for. Moreover, let me introduce you to Lady Langdale, Countess of Mirepoix, and to Mademoiselle Lucy Langdale, who has escaped by a miracle, as yet, from being Countess of Dartmoor. They will expect hospitable entertainment, and comfortable rooms for the night, which I am sorry to exact; but as I hear you have turned Parliamentarian, I am bound to provide for the King's friends."

"Bernard, Bernard," said the old lady, "your jokes are somewhat rude. But how shall I account to the powers that be for harboring you here?"

"I am the powers that be," answered the Earl. "If any one else asks any questions, reply *Force Majeure*. And tell them that if you had not given what I demanded, I would have taken it, which you may say with a good conscience, and in all sincerity."

"You hear, Hardcastle," said the old lady. "I yield to compulsion—to compulsion in my own house. My lord, what may be your high commands? Oh, I remember. A hundred and fifty men, and the same number of horses. Tell all the grooms in the parish to take care of his lordship's men and horses; but, remember, it is all upon compulsion. There be doubtless some gentlemen and officers amongst them. Let them be civilly entertained in the hall—upon compulsion. But here is another task, my lord, and a more pleasant one," she continued, with much old-fashioned grace, advancing to Lady Langdale and Lucy. "Ladies, excuse me for keeping you standing. Pray be seated. I was obliged to notice first the commands of this ill-mannered boy, lest he should spoil the house. Be seated, pray. All shall be ready in a minute for your due entertainment."

But Lady Langdale remained standing, and answered with an air of much dignity,—

"I thank you, madam; but excuse my saying I would rather sleep in yonder park, than take advantage of unwilling hospitality rendered on compulsion."

The old lady laughed good-humoredly, saying, "Nonsense, nonsense, my dear girl. Do not spoil it all now. The matter is very well as it is. Sleep in the park, God wot! Very fit, I think, for you and this pretty little thing. What, with a hundred and fifty rakeshilly cavaliers to keep you company? Sit, sit. They will serve supper for us in a minute. Bernard, you go away, and order your men. See that they behave themselves; they can have the larder of beef and plenty of pork chops, with as much strong beer as will leave them sober. Now, my dear children, let us have a quiet, pleasant evening—upon compulsion."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It was a man who was taken up for stealing a shirt, made the following ingenious defence—"I did not steal the shirt. I was passing by a shop, and I saw the shirt hanging up, and then I took hold of it. When I took hold of it, it dropped down into my hands, and I knew that if I stood there with it, any one who saw me would think that I meant to steal it; so I ran off to prevent suspicion."

Taxes for education are like vapors, which rise only to descend again, to beautify and to fertilize the earth.—*Dicks*.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

### HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

#### TERMS, &c.

The terms of THE POST are \$3 a year, if paid in advance. If not paid in advance, \$4. The first year's subscription must always be paid in advance. For \$5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We cannot send the following year's Terms to Clubs.—  
Single Copies, 50 cts. a year.  
Eight (and one to get up of Clubs), 10.00  
Twenty (and one to get up of Clubs), 20.00  
Persons reading in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion. The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is not a neat dollar, about the price of a single copy, the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address: DEACON A. PETERSON, No. 132 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

REFLECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return corrected communications. If an article is worth publishing, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

#### TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to *The Post*, are

G. P. B. James, Esq., Mary Howitt,  
Editor of *Richmond*, Grace Greenwood,  
Old Dominion, Ar. Florence Percy,  
T. R. Arthur, Martha Russell,  
Emma Alice Browne, Mrs. M. A. Bealson,  
Author of "Letters from Paris," Author of "My Last Scout,"  
Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for *The Post*, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

#### NATURAL MAGIC.

There are few things more amusing—and few, we may add, more instructive—than to witness, for the first time, the performances of some noted conjurer—using the word in its modern, and not in its ancient meaning.

As to the amusement, probably none will dispute our assertion; as to the instruction, few, we think, will dispute it after a few moments' reflection. For it must be evident that it is of great importance that every one should have an idea of the extent to which avowedly merely human powers of deception can be carried, so that we may not be led to acknowledge as miracles, what is simply the result of knavish trickery and imposture. An audience of men ignorant in this respect, may be astonished by that which those of better knowledge would look upon as the result of purely natural causes. In fact, not many years since, one of the ablest of the juggling fraternity, M. Houdin, was deputed by the Government of France, to visit Algeria, and destroy the prestige of the Marabouts, or native priests, who were continually exciting the people to insubordination by the influence of their alleged miracles. Of the result, the following account is given:—

On the night of the first performance, the balcony presented a magnificent appearance; some sixty chieftains, in their red mantles, were assembled, and gazed with stolid amazement on the kadir who was about to defeat their prophets. Their attention was not aroused until Houdin began producing cannon balls from a hat. Then came the horn of abundance, which gave an opportunity of presenting small gifts to the chiefs, which they accepted very willingly; but when, after an exhaustive hour, produced fragrant mocha, they could not resist the temptation. The next striking experiment was that of the box that becomes light or heavy at the will of the operator; a muscular Arab came forward to lift it, he did so with disdainful ease, but when requested to try again, he found it impossible to move. Again and again he essayed, when suddenly he uttered a yell, and fell on his knees; a tremendous shock of electricity had been passed through the box, and he was rendered helpless as a child. This experiment produced various shouts of "Shaitan!" "Djinnum!" and the chiefs began to grow uncomfortable.

One of the methods employed by the marabouts to increase their importance, was to induce a belief in their invulnerability. One of them, for instance, would load a gun and order a spectator to fire at him; the sparks might fly from the flint, but the charge did not explode. To destroy the effect of this, Houdin displayed a possessed a talisman rendering him invulnerable, and defied the first marksmen in Algeria to hit him. In a second an Arab leaped on the stage, and expressed his desire to kill the magician. He had no compunction, so Houdin handed him a pistol, bidding him fire at the invulnerable. Then he was ordered to put in a double charge of powder, and a ball he had previously marked. He fired, and Houdin produced the bullet in the centre of an apple he held on the point of a knife. A general stupefaction was visible on the faces of the audience; but the marabout suddenly caught up the apple and rushed away with it, crying, "The talisman! he had obtained a magnificent talisman!"

The last trick was performed on a Moor of some twenty years of age. He was led to a table in the centre of the stage, after mounting which, an extinguisher was placed over him. Houdin and his servant then lifting the table, carried it away with the feet light, and turned it over; the Moor had disappeared! The terror of the Arabs had reached its climax, and they rushed frantically from the theatre. The first object they saw on reaching the street was the young Moor.

Such an effect having been produced, the impostures were set to work explaining to the chieftains that all these tricks were performed by human means, and they were soon so convinced of it, that they treated Houdin most kindly. They presented him with an address, testifying to their admiration of him, and Houdin was much pleased with the effect he had produced. He then proceeded on a tour through Algeria, being always welcomed with great kindness by the Arab hosts, and repaying their hospitality by exhibiting some tricks; but on one occasion, he could only save himself from a most serious dilemma by his presence of mind.

While M. and Mme. Houdin were staying with the chieftain Ben-Aliem, a marabout looked up with surprise and disgust at his tricks. When the scene was over, the marabout said, "I now believe in your supernatural power; you are a real sorcerer—so I hope you will not fear to repeat a trick you performed at your theatre." Then, producing a pair of pistols from under his burnous, he said, "Come, choose one of these pistols; I will load it, and I will fire your wish; if you wish to die, so far, as you are invulnerable." This was certainly a staggering, and Houdin hardly knew how to escape; and the marabout smiled maliciously at his triumph. Ben-Aliem, who knew that Houdin's tricks were the result of address, was very angry, but Houdin would not be led. Turning to the marabout, he said that he had left his talisman in Algeria, but that he would, for all that, allow him to fire at him the next morning. During the night he made his preparations, and the next morning the pistols were loaded with all due solemnity, the marabout putting in the powder, Houdin the balls. The marabout fired, and the ball appeared between the wizard's teeth. Then, taking up the other pistol, Houdin fired at a newly whitewashed wall; immediately a large stain of blood appeared on it. The marabout was overwhelmed; at that moment he doubted everything, even the Prophet. Such experiments, however, must be very dangerous; for the marabout had been anything but a fool. He had been so much surprised by a bullet unawares, which would have been attended with fatal consequences. The balls, in this case, were made of wax, blackened with soot, and cast in a bullet mould. Having so successfully accomplished his mission, M. Houdin returned to France.

The above account, which we find condensed by a foreign periodical from Houdin's autobiography, recently published in France, shows with great clearness, the usefulness of these exhibitions among barbarous tribes. The effect upon the general mind in nations that consider themselves much more highly civilized than the Arabs, though not quite so obvious, is equally apparent to the thoughtful observer. Such exhibitions lead men to be wisely doubtful of the testimony of the senses—teach them not to be too confident that their sight and touch can be implicitly relied on—and, more than all, enforce a reasonable degree of caution in accepting the wonderful as the necessary result of supernatural power.

Referring to M. Houdin's "Confidences," our readers will be a little astonished to read the following romantic account of the origin of the famous Automaton Chess Player:

In 1776, an insurrection broke out in Russia, under an officer of the name of Woronsky, who had been in the first regiment. A Dr. Osloff took compassion on him, and gave him shelter, and during his confinement to his room played chess with him, until Woronsky became a superb player. At this time Kempen, a Viennese mechanic, paid the good doctor a visit, and they consulted how to get rid of the doctor's country, as his presence was dangerous to himself and his art. The idea of the chess-player struck Kempen, and in three months the figure was ready. Needless to say that Woronsky was the player, and his small size, and want of legs, materially aided the deceit. The experiment was first tried on the doctor, who at length began to smile, and to say, "I am always making a mistake; the Turk is always making a mistake with his left hand, just as Woronsky did. However, the trick was so cleverly managed that, feeling sure of not being detected, Kempen had a large chest to hold the figure and the chess. At Toulon they made their first public trial, and so great was the success, that the Emperor Catherine ordered the figure to St. Petersburg. Kempen was horribly frightened, but Woronsky delighted in defeating a lady who had set a paltry sum on his head. The big chest was carried into the imperial library, and the figure put up. The Empress began playing, but soon found she had met her match; in consequence, she delegated to make a false move; the Turk restored the piece to the old square; the Empress repeated the fraud, when the automaton violently swept all the pieces off the board. Catherine came to regard this as a concession to her superior play, but insisted that Kempen should leave the figure in the library all night. Perhaps some feminine curiosity instigated her; if so, she was disappointed, for Kempen took care, while leaving the figure, to remove the chest, and in it, of course, Woronsky. Puffed in his efforts to buy the automaton, the Empress allowed Kempen to depart. Soon after, the Turk was shown in London, but it is probable that Woronsky left the figure prior to its going to America, for here it was repeatedly beaten, was undoubtedly panned before Mr. Morphy had proved that America possesses the greatest chess player in the world—if not the greatest that has ever existed.

Many of the feats of the conjurers, it will be seen, demand not only great quickness of hand and finger, but also wonderful quickness of mind. In the famous "second-sight," with this latter quality, it seems, must be combined an equally wonderful retentiveness of memory. Read the following, and then imagine whether "white-magic" is at all easy work:—

That marvellous system of second-sight, in which he was so ably assisted by his son, though entirely mechanical, demanded an immense amount of practice before it could be publicly shown. Here is a curious instance of the necessity of presence of mind. The scene took place at the Vanderville, where Houdin gave a séance after his own room was shut for the night.

A spectator, who had come with the express purpose of embarrassing his son, suddenly said to me, "As your son, sir, is a diviner, he can certainly guess the number of my seat."

The spectator thought he would force me to confess our inability, for he covered the number from sight, and the other seats were all full. He was on my guard against every surprise; my answer was ready. Still I pretended to draw back, in order to make my adversary's defeat more striking. After some sparring, I consented to make the trial, the public taking great interest in the debate, and patiently awaiting the issue. "Kiss," I said to my son, "prove to this gentleman that you know that in all theatres where the seats are divided down the centre by a passage, the uneven numbers are on the right, the even on the left. As at the Vanderville each row was composed of ten seats, I had not the slightest difficulty in finding out the number of my opponent's seat."

Of the few revelations given us by M. Houdin as to the working of this second sight, we learn that he managed to open purses, books, &c., without being noticed. One glance was always sufficient for his practised eye. If a

parent were given him tied up, his long finger nail dug a rent in the paper, which allowed him to see the contents, while his old watch-making skill allowed him to open a watch with one hand, undetected. But, indubitably, the greatest advantage Houdin possessed was in the extraordinary memory of his son, which had been developed to the utmost extent. The way in which this was done was as follows: Father and son walked rapidly past a shop window, noticing as many objects as they could; then each wrote down the result, and went back to verify it. Houdin himself never got beyond thirty articles, but his son could reach upwards of forty. By this power of retention the lad frequently performed some marvellous tricks in private houses, giving, for instance, the names of the books on a shelf which he was supposed never to have seen, but on which he had cast a hurried glance in passing. It is really too bad to find that we are deceived by such simple contrivances.

After a summer trip to Brussels, in which Houdin found himself awfully let in, the theatre in the Palais Royal was reopened with fresh tricks. So great was the reputation the magician attained, that he was commanded to St. Cloud, where the royal family did their utmost to baffle him. One of the tricks was very clever: Houdin borrowed several handkerchiefs of the party, made them up in a packet, and asked the king to select a spot from three he designated, where he would like to have them found. The first was under the candlesticks—"that was too easy," the second, "at the dome of the Invalides"—that was too far—hence only remained the third, "the chest of the orange tree at the right end of the avenue." The king ordered a guard round the tree at once to prevent any fraud; Houdin placed the parcel under a glass shade, and laid it on the place ordered by the king. Then, raising the glass, the parcel had disappeared, and a white turtle-dove had taken its place. A gardener was then ordered to open the last orange-box on the right-hand side, and found in it a rusty iron coffin. This was handed to the king, the key being taken from the dove's neck, and he found in it a piece of parchment, on which he read as follows:

This 6th day of June, 1786, Louis, by the grace of God, King of France, Count of Provence, &c., &c., in the accomplishment of an act of magic which will be performed on this same day sixty years hence, before Louis Philippe d'Orleans and his family.

To this deed was appended the seal of Cagliostro, a mould of which Houdin had got from Torral, who had been an intimate friend of the arch-impostor. Under the parchment was a parcel, which, on being opened, was found to contain the six handkerchiefs.

Spurred on by this defeat, the royal family were more than ever determined to foil the experiment of second sight. At length the Duchess of Orleans went into an adjoining room, whence she returned with a case. Handing it to Houdin, she asked him if his son could reveal the contents without his being opened? Houdin, of course, soon found out the contents; then, returning the case to the duchess, said that his son could tell what it contained. He stated that it was a diamond pin set in light blue enamel. This was perfectly correct, and the duchess most kindly begged Houdin to keep it in remembrance of the séance.

#### FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.

It is amusing to read the various comments on our American papers upon foreign affairs. For instance, so far as the present difficulty between France and Austria is concerned, we have all along supposed that if there was war, it would be owing to the dictatorial course of Louis Napoleon. We all remember how his offensive words to the Austrian Ambassador on New Year's Day, came upon the world like an unexpected clap of thunder. What was our surprise therefore, upon reading recently in the editorial columns of our good friends of the *North American* of this city, an article whose extracts may be gathered from the following paragraphs:—

There is much in the war news that is after the manner of previous dispatches, and of exaggeration in the coloring given to the few facts received. But it is not, of course, impossible that Austria fully and innocently may provoke war. From the outset that power has manifested a degree of temerity in its hostile preparations, and a degree of falsehood in its attempts to excuse them, which have amazed those who know how weak it is, and how much its cause is detested by the liberals in every State of Europe.

If Austria is determined to force a war by its course of aggression, there are parties to meet it on the other side, with armaments adequate to the emergency. England is fortunately practically disarmed by the pending dissolution of Parliament, and it can support Austria by nothing more formidable than general, or of her manner of governing her possessions in Italy in particular—but we do not know that she is any more now than she has been for the last twenty years. Neither, however, are we particular admirers of Louis Napoleon, or of his manner of governing France; and we think that for him to denounce Austria, is but another instance of the pot calling the kettle black. One would think that his efforts in behalf of liberty and progress, might more properly begin at home—and that, after he had thus taken the team out of his own eye, would be plenty of time for him to be pointing out the defects of Austria. But to suppose, as our friends of the *North American* appear to do, that Louis Napoleon's movements against Austria are dictated by any honest desire to free Italy, seems to us the very "error of the moon." Men do not gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles. Louis Napoleon is not going into the expense and destruction of a great war, from any more regard for the abstract right, or the welfare of Italy—but for the gratification of his own lust of domination, and the enlargement of the boundaries of France. And the Italian liberals, in encouraging such a tremendous contest, may find themselves in the end, simply ground to powder between the upper and nether millstones.

FAITHFULNESS.—It is a hard matter for a man to lie all over, nature having provided King's evidence in almost every member. The hand will sometimes act as a vane to show which way the wind blows, when every feature is set the other way, and the knees will smite together and sound the alarm of fear under a force of countenance.

Gentility is neither in birth, wealth, manner, nor fashion—but in the mind. A high sense of honor, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy, politeness towards those with whom we have dealings, are its essential characteristics.

OF the few revelations given us by M. Houdin as to the working of this second sight, we learn that he managed to open purses, books, &c., without being noticed. One glance was always sufficient for his practised eye. If a

#### QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

M. I. F. You know that "many men have many minds"—and what suits one does not suit another. We try to make all the departments of our paper, however, as interesting to all our readers as possible.

TALK. Our knowledge of minerals is very limited. We do not remember to have seen any other of a premium for tin ore.

ORATORY. Yes, Demosthenes practiced "speaking" on the sea-shore, in order to accustom himself to the clamor of a popular assembly, but a better plan for you would be to practice in your father's barn-yard, before a flock of geese; that would accustom you to the hissing that you will probably hear when you make your first, second, third and last appearance. Oratory is called "a noble art," but we are by no means certain that it is one. We are not certain that there can be any permanent political reform in this country, until every "eloquent" speaker is voted out of Congress. Two or three might be endured perhaps in each house, but more than that number is enough to ruin any country. Where there is so much "talk," as the popular proverb has it, there is apt to be "very little else."—"Windbag," is the name applied by a famous English writer, to the class of tonguey men in question. The reason probably that the English government has stood so long, is that the English are notoriously slow of speech, and have stammering tongues, as Moses and most other great men have had. The facility with which the youth of this country learn to make speeches, is one of the worst signs of the times. It seems a trait in human nature, that when men are able to say a very pretty thing, in a very pretty way, they seem to think there is a very little use in saying prettyly. Your eloquent statesman, who has exhausted his energies in a "patriotic effort," as the reporters call it, a speech of three hours' length, generally thinks he has done all that can reasonably be expected of him—and goes home to a late dinner with a proud consciousness of having performed his duty. We advise Orator to get up a debating society in his neighborhood, and offer a premium to the speaker who can talk the longest and say the least upon the most unimportant question. We predict for the youth who takes that premium, as the newspapers say, "a proud future."

A. P. W. We believe the physicians generally agree now that *antiseptics* has no appreciable effect in purifying the blood. This, after thousands and tens of thousands have been in the habit of purchasing bottle upon bottle of Dr. Jacob Townsend's "Invaluable Preparation"—the only genuine article of the only genuine doctor—is truly mortifying. But, on the other hand, *antiseptics*, we believe, entirely innocent, and if it does no good will do no harm. Of course, it would be very disrespectful to the popular intelligence to suppose that the great American people are ever humbugged. No man who desires an office, from constable to Chief Justice, could ever admit that.

B. N. The best way to preserve the sight is to treat the eyes as if their powers of endurance were limited. Never read in a railroad car, or by a dim light, or too long at a time. Especially do not expose the eyes to a strong glare. The eyes of infants, we are convinced, are often injured for life by the folly of mothers and nurses. A young child can often be quieted by being allowed to look at a light, and this being the case, is allowed to do so, to the permanent injury of the eyes. You might as well allow an infant to put its hand into the fire, or throw itself out of the window, because it wished to do so, as to allow it to injure its eyes for the same reason. Do not darken the nursery, except when the infant is quite young, but maintain a steady, regular light, as free as possible from glare and flickering.

ADVERTISING. If your trade be a dirty one, you will find it the easier to stick to. Somebody must do the dirty work of the world, why not you? If your work is clean in a moral and intellectual sense, you need care little about the mere material soil. Better dirty hands and face than a dirty mind and soul. Many of the employments considered the most honorable amongst men, are really the most liable to exception in this particular—the workman being tempted continually to soil himself with dirt of the worst kind. Consider the nature of the legal profession, for instance. Why, some lawyers consider it even "unprofessional" to shun the very dirtiest kinds of work—and hold it their bounden duty to undertake the job of breaking a will, clearing a thief, or saving the villain murderer from punishment, with as much warmth and earnestness as if they were advocating the cause of the widow and the orphan. Now, the hands and face of such a man may be clean, after having succeeded in saving his client from deserved punishment, in spite of all the law and the evidence, but suppose we could get one good look at his soul. Would it not have a family likeness, so far as sootiness is concerned, to Beelzebub's?

S. N. B. We suppose the reason is, that the readers of the weeklies in the cities where they are published, are supposed to have seen all the local news in their daily papers.

They make religion to be abhorred. Who roars with darkness and grief; And think no word can please the Lord. Unless it smells of sulphur. —*Lowell*.

AN old story of a genius, having stepped into a mill, was looking with apparent astonishment at the movement of the machinery, when the miller, thinking to quiz him, asked him if he had heard the news.

"Not I know on," said he; "what is it?" "Why," replied the miller, "they say the devil is dead."

"By Jingo," said Jonathan, "is he? Then who tends the mill?"

The greatest happiness of the greatest number should be the end and aim of all social and political institutions. —*Jeremy Bentham*.

The little darling—he didn't strike Mrs. Smith's baby a purpose; did he? It was a mere accident; wasn't it, dear?" "Yes, ma'am, to be sure it was, and if he don't behave himself, I'll crack him again."

To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy, to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it what ever it is, and despise affectation. —*Horace Walpole*.

Why is the naked truth so seldom spoken? Because it is largely polite. Every person that owns a mouth is always a good opening for a laugh.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 155—Adults 96, and children 59.



## New Publications.

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

Especially noteworthy of all books we find on our table, is a book which everybody ought to find, and "when found make a note of," since it concerns not merely our book-notes, but everybody's bank-note. It is a French treatise on the FUGITIVE FALL IN THE VALUE OF GOLD, THE COMMERCIAL AND SOCIAL CONSEQUENCES WHICH MAY RESULT, AND THE MEANS WHICH IT INVOLVES. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) The author is M. CHEVALIER, a distinguished member of the Institute of France, and well enough known to all who keep the run of such matters, as one of the first living authorities on the subject of money; and the translator is no less a person than the great Free Trader, Richard Cobden, who himself adds an introductory preface, echoing the general purport of the treatise. The prospect of a gold dollar getting to be worth only fifty cents is certainly alarming to the owners of gold dollars; and it is precisely this prospect which Messrs. Chevalier and Cobden invite our attention to. For, they say, the cardinal law of commerce is that quantity governs price: there has been within the last ten years a tremendous increase in the quantity of gold, owing to the discovery of the new mines, and every day augments the quantity; and, quantity governing price, it follows that there must be eventually a fall in the value of gold in consequence of its greatly increased quantity. This, together with an exposition of the disastrous social and commercial effects which must follow such a fall of value, and suggestions for protective measures against the impending danger, make up the substance of a work which, although somewhat open to the charge of exaggeration—is indisputably worthy of an attentive perusal.

If we want less serious reading, we can make our change from grave to gay, by taking up the May number of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) in which the Professor preaches a sermon and chants a psalm of his own kind. There, too, is the SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, (Macfarlane, Ferguson & Co., Richmond, Va.), with the opening chapters of a stirring and vivid story, "Greenway Court; or, the Bloody Ground." And somewhat akin to a magazine in form, is a pamphlet edition of that most comical brochure, FATHER TOM AND THE POPE, (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) which convulsed everybody years ago in Blackwood.

What is a baby? A cherub, undoubtedly. What is the chief end of said cherub's existence? Feeling, unquestionably. Upon what meat should this our cherub feed that he may grow so great? We leave the answer to Dr. Al. Donne. The whole subject of the cherubic *cuisine* has been treated in the fullest manner by Dr. Al. Donne, in his MOTHERS AND INFANTS, NURSES AND NURSES (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) a work newly translated from the French. In fact, he has treated the entire subject of the bringing up of children, and what gives his advice particular weight, apart from its own intrinsic value, is the fact of his high position abroad as a physician—so high, indeed, that to him Louis Philippe entrusted the direction of the nursing of the infant Count of Paris. Blessed institution of printing, by which, for a few shillings, we sovereigns without crowns can have the same medical advice for our children that the crowned sovereign of the French had for his!

Men are but children of a larger growth, we have been told; and therefore the culture of men is related to the culture of children, which, it follows, is the link between Dr. Al. Donne and Prof. Francis Wharton, whose TREATISE ON THEMSELVES AND THE MODERN SKETCHES (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia,) may be fairly considered as an instrument of human culture, the author wishing people to grow in grace and not in modern infidelity. His book presents the orthodox evidence of the existence and character of God, and makes vigorous war on the skeptics and their lies.

Somewhat analogous, though still widely different reading, is the fifth volume of SCOTT'S SERMONS, (Sheldon & Co., New York,) and not at all analogous, and very widely different reading, is a volume of the SERMONS OF DON JUAN, (F. A. Brady, New York.)

Of the making of books there is no end, and who would wish there were an end, if all the books were as lively and witty and graceful as Mr. N. P. Willis's new volume, THE CONVERSABLE? (C. Scribner, New York.) It is a volume of miscellaneous collected from the *Home Journal*—easy, gay, good natured, sunshiny chat with a quality in it like the sound of a pleasant voice. The critic Cobra says it's all tripe—whipped syllabub, sir! But in our mental feasts we cannot subsist entirely on solid victuals, and, having fared delightfully on the Treatise on Themselves and Spurgeon's Sermons, why not make our dessert of the whipped syllabub? Whipped syllabub, however, is not a fair type of Willis's new book, which is full of bright fancy and good feeling.

## THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Blithe Robin lost his bridled cow,  
He mourned, he wept, and could not buy another!  
His wife soon follows! Eager now  
His friend's advice that he his grief should smother!

"Here's my daughter, young and true,  
A worthy wife she'll be to you!"

Then Robin mused, and scratched his head,  
And in reflective accents said,—  
"I see it clearly now—  
In this strange village where I live,  
I lose my wife—my friends another give!  
But no one offers me another cow!"

If we wish to know who is the most degraded and the most wretched of human beings, look for a man who has practiced a vice so long that he curses it and clings to it; that he pursues it because he feels a great law of his nature driving him on towards it; but, reaching it, knows that it will gnaw his heart, and make him roll himself in the dust with anguish.

All the molestations of marriage are abundantly recompensed with other comforts which God bestoweth on them who make a wise choice of a wife.—T. Fuller.

## CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR G. H.—

We have been magically carried back ten years of "this weary mortal round," by a late event in our musical world—a concert given on the evening of the 19th, by Madame Elisa Bicecchi—her first appearance here since the early days of the Italian opera, when young, unpractised, and petite as she was, she rivalled in the favor of our music-loving public, a more mature and experienced *Prima Donna*, the superb Teresa Truffi.

Since that time, Madame Bicecchi has been singing over the world—now here, now there—like a sweet sprite of music, a "delicate Ariel," "a wandering voice." She has almost put a girle of melody round the earth,—she has breathed in the common air of many climes, and sent it forth electrified with life and glorified with soul. Her wonderful voice has assimilated everywhere that subtle song-spirit which pervades all life—it has enriched itself with the wild harmonies of Nature—it has given alike to the luxuriant bloom and passionate glow of the South, and the brilliant frost-work and midnight splendors of the North, their correspondences in sound. It has emulated the roar of the Eagle of the Andes, and echoed the trills of Italian nightingales.—It has caught the sad murmur of the Pacific, the full-voiced surge of the Amazon, an ocean in repose—and the sweet gurgle, the low silvery laughter of English brooks.

We heard of her in California—in San Francisco, that most marvellous and cosmopolitan of cities, in which converge all the civilizations and barbarisms of the world—in the mountains and the wilds, where she appeared before the rude miners like a fairy-vision, a singing dream, and watched their poor home-sick hearts beat into the life of domestic joys and affections and social refinements long ago sacrificed and abandoned.

We heard of her in the great cities of South America, where the enthusiasms of the people, like the scenery, foliage and flowers, are on a gigantic scale, and where her career was one splendid ovation; we heard of her in Florence, in Milan, and in Paris, where though suffering severely from sudden illness, she achieved a great triumph. In St. Petersburg, where she was received with an almost Southern enthusiasm, and where Imperial praises and presents were showered upon her; and then, obedient more to the instincts of her heart than the ambition of the artist, she came back to the old, forgotten home.

Eliza Bicecchi was born in Boston. Her father was an Italian musician of eminence, her mother an American lady, also a musician; so the little Eliza was a true singing-bird, though her nest was not among the vines of Tuscany, or the roses and cypresses of Como.

When very young, she went with her father, to Italy, to pursue under the best masters, her musical studies. Here she married a noble Roman, of the house of Bicecchi, which measures pedigree with the Orsini and the Colonna. Soon after a successful debut at Milan, she returned to America—was warmly received in her native city, and sung in opera in New York and Philadelphia.

Madame Bicecchi has always labored under disadvantages, from a delicate physical organization, highly sensitive and nervous. At this period, her health was frail, and her timidity and extreme sensitiveness were at times, painfully apparent. But it was beautiful to see how completely after a little while, the spiritual triumphed over the physical. When the ecstasy of song was upon her, there was no longer any sign of weakness, or apprehension. Her soft, dark eyes shone with the very soul of Italy—her cheek flushed and paled with the passion of her strain, and her slight little figure trembled and quivered as the strong, exultant waves of illimitable melody poured through the crimson gateway of her lips, and flooded all the air.

There has been in her singing from the first, and always, that most rare and excellent quality—genuine feeling. Her voice is no happy accident—no inevitable result of a peculiarly fortunate physical conformation—it is the child of her soul. She lives through it, an intense, exalted, impassioned phase of being,—the refined essence of sensuous delights and emotions is exhaled in it. Those who had hearts and souls to be reached through the divinest avenues of song, perceived this quality in the young singer, and prophesied for her a future of increasing power and fame—rounding out with their large, generous judgment, the beautiful crescent of her genius.

I was not alone an admirer of the artist, but a lover of the woman. Indeed, it seems to me it would be difficult for any one to know her well, without loving her. To childlike simplicity, frankness, and trustfulness, she adds great warmth and affectionateness of nature—Italian ardor united to Saxon constancy. Unlike many of the dramatic and lyrical profession she carries into private none of the airs, the arts and disguises of the stage. She is always herself, an alert, impulsive, child-woman, who has not turned from the religion of the heart to the heathen-worship of the world—who loves her art more than fame, and who loves her friends, husband, and children even more than her art.

But to return to the concert of Tuesday evening.

To our great surprise and disappointment, there was but a small audience gathered in the immense hall of the Musical Fund. It being Holy Week, neither strict Catholics nor Episcopalians could indulge in any worldly amusement—not even that of listening to pure music, essentially holy, though it be—religious alike in its solemnity and its joy. The singer was chilled by the coldness and forgetfulness apparently evinced by such a reception, but she was soon warmed by the genuine enthusiasm of the audience, who made up in plaudits for all it lacked in numbers.

She looked charmingly, and her dress was a marvel of richness, beauty, and becomingness. Besides the diamonds on her neck and in her corsage, which shook off dew-like sparkles when she sang, and answered the passionate throbbings of her heart with pulsations of

light she wore in her bosom, and in her beautiful dark hair, scarlet leaves, of a peculiarly vivid hue—a dash of tropical coloring, which seemed like a gorgeous out-flowering of her ardent southern nature. They warmed the eye toward her, and seemed to kindle the very air about her.

She first sang a grand *Rossini*, from the opera of *William Tell*.

In a moment the great hall seemed filled with singing birds! Some soaring above us, like larks, on heaven intent—some dropping low, soft, fluttering trills, seeking to nest in our hearts—some darting by us, swift, flashing, piercing notes—and some circling round and round the ceiling—strains of marvellous, bewildering and prolonged sweetness.

The *Rossini* was rapturously encored—but the singer, instead of a repetition, gave us "Home, Sweet Home." The dear, simple old melody was somewhat disguised by the lavish ornamentation of her genius—the cottage seemed magically changed into a fairy palace—but the soul of home was in it still.

Next she sang an *aria* from the *Oratorio of the Creation*, grandly enough we have moved the soul of the great composer himself.

After this she gave us "The Last Rose of Summer"—and here, like the genius of the Flowers, in the exquisite fable of the German poet, she accomplished the impossible, and bestowed on the rose a new grace—she added the moss.

She sang Schubert's exquisite *Serenade*, admirably accompanied by her husband on the violin, and at last gave us the wonderful *Serenade and Rondo* from *La Sonnambula*, "Ah non Giungo."

No words of mine can describe her singing in this—so brilliant, so tender, so passionate was it. It seems to me that not the finished musical critic, not the poet even, can adequately describe such singing, through words—that only rich and royal personages are able to express the inexpressible, through the language of gems, in the gift of costly jewels. For instance, on this evening, the *cantabile* wore on her neck a chain of finely-wrought gold, suspending a beautiful ornament, consisting of a ruby, set with brilliants, and a single large pearl, pendant. This necklace, the gift of the Emperor of all the Russias, fitly describes her singing. The delicately wrought gold expresses its artistic finish, the ruby its passion, the diamonds its brilliancy, the pearl its purity.

I close this little labor of love with the regret that we are not to have Madame Bicecchi in Opera, and but once more in concert. But she is called to the scenes of her South American triumphs, void since she left them, and just as the other singing-birds are coming North, she goes South.

ADieu,  
GRACE GREENWOOD.

## LETTER FROM PARIS.

APRIL FISHERY—A MARVELOUS NEW FLOWER—A DURESS VIRTU—INCONVENIENCE OF A DURESS REPUTATION—A MYSTERY EXPLAINED—THE HERRING FISHERY—A STROKE OF GOOD FORTUNE—A PLEASANT TOUR.

Paris, March 31, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The practical jokes so popular in Anglo-Saxon communities on the first of April, are also practised here, but less commonly. The want of humor which characterizes the French people as distinctly as does the keenness and quickness of their wit, renders them less disposed to indulge in this form of merriment. Nevertheless, an adventurous individual will, here and there, attempt to play off some ridiculous mystification on his neighbor, by way of converting him into what is more politely termed here, "an April fish," and a country newspaper will sometimes take the occasion afforded by the return of this day, to palm off some unusually big "canard" on its readers. But neither the custom of sending love-letters on St. Valentine's Day, nor that of throwing noiseful dust into the eyes of one's neighbors on the first of April, can boast of any general observance in France.

The skies, as though to disprove my assertion respecting the non-observance of the first of April here, have been treating us to an attempt at a snow storm, which, should it succeed, will prove to be a practical joke of a most unwelcome description. At yet, however, the Northern Alps of Michael that melt as soon as fallen, but should a frost supervene, as is too often the case in this part of the year, the consequences would be most disastrous to our hopes of fruit, as well as to the flowers that are already showing themselves. Among the latter must be cited the clumps of a South American Rhododendron, recently imported into Europe, which are now in full bloom in the new reserved garden of the Tuilleries. These trees are literally one mass of flower, of a gorgeous, fiery red, whose effect is both exceedingly magnificent in itself, and rendered doubly striking by the contrast of these glowing masses of color, set off by the dark glossy green of the leaves, with the bare boughs of the forest trees, and much of the shrubbery around.

The Empress is said to be exceedingly delighted with this new shrub, and certainly the clumps in question must furnish a magnificent spectacle to the favored eyes which look down on these beautiful grounds from the Imperial "first-floor" of this old dwelling of Kings, which is to be pulled to pieces, and refurbished to the tune of seventeen millions of francs a few months hence.

The announcement of the approaching diplomatic gathering, and the public visit of Count Cavour to this city, have been the main topics of conversation here since my last. It is still believed here, that this statesman paid a flying, secret visit to the Tuilleries a short time since; though the fact of such a visit having taken place, has not been acknowledged. But the present visit is made with entire and ostentatious openness, and the Sardinian *factum* affects a degree of satisfaction and elation which would be alarming to the friends of peace, did they not suspect that this manner is assumed, on the part of the distinguished minister in question, as a cover for the vexation of finding the Emperor no longer determined to

precipitate a quarrel that his own subjects have so staunchly joined the rest of Europe in showing him to be utterly unpalatable. The Count has been received, apparently, with great cordiality and distinction at the Tuilleries, where he dined, two days ago, in close *intimité* with his Majesty; no other soul, not even the Empress, being present. Unfortunately, Louis Napoleon has left himself, by the form of government he has imposed upon France, no possibility of offering a satisfactory guarantee of his intentions, on any given subject, to the rest of Europe. His ministers are mere puppets; at best, servants paid to do his bidding, responsible only to himself, and removable by him at pleasure. Little can be inferred from their individual bias; as the Emperor may change or suppress them at any moment. The satisfaction which would otherwise be felt at the more peaceful aspect assumed by the French Cabinet, within the last ten days, is somewhat damped, and very naturally, by the reflection that, after all, Louis Napoleon may, perhaps, be only playing a game, in order to gain time, and perhaps to lay plans for the hatching-up of a decent pretext for the commencement of hostilities with which he may still be desiring, in his secret heart, to afflict the world.

Great curiosity was excited a few days ago, not by any new rumors on political affairs, but by the great quantity of pigeons' feathers that kept floating down from the balcony of the fashionable church of Notre Dame de Lorette, within whose richly painted and gilded walls the dome of the financial world do especially love to congregate, and whose priest is one of the most elegant gentlemen of Paris, giving the most delightful musical parties, invitations to which are eagerly sought by "the most distinguished" pleasure-lovers of the metropolis. The church stands in a crowded thoroughfare, or rather at a meeting of thoroughfares, so that half of Paris had the opportunity of witnessing the phenomenal shower of feathers, and of relating the same to the other half, who forthwith repaired to the spot to stare up at the belfry, and marvel what on earth it could mean. The shower went on falling at intervals for several days; and a crowd began to take up a permanent position below, bent on finding out what these feathers could be. At length, a policeman, unable to persuade the bawling crowd to disperse, went up into the belfry to ascertain the facts of the case, determined to go up himself, when he discovered a hawk which had taken up its abode in the belfry, and whose maraudings in all the pigeon-houses of the region furnished him with the victims whose feathers had so strongly affected the curiosity of the unplumed bipeds below.

The hawk, gallantly captured by his discoverer, and by him presented to a porter in the neighborhood, is now shut up in a cage at the door of that functionary, and is exhibiting the crimes of which he has been guilty in a strict imprisonment, which does not appear to be rendered at all less repugnant to his feelings by the curiosity with which his presence is regarded by the idlers in the vicinity.

The flying feathers of the luckless pigeons, and the feat of the officer who climbed the belfry in pursuit of the tyrannical fowl which had despoiled them, remind one somewhat of the famous elder-down of northern latitudes, and the perilous adventures of the poor fellows who scale the most dizzy heights, and descend the most fearful precipices, in search of these precious flakes of down. The collecting of the elder-down, and the herring fishery, are, in fact, the two main industries of the inhospitable latitudes in question; but the latter, as every one knows, is incomparably the more extensive and lucrative. It appears that the herring fisheries have this season been unusually successful; and among these the fishermen of Norway have been, as usual, among the foremost. The deep, narrow fjords, or arms of the sea, which fringe the whole Norwegian coast, are particularly favorable to the catching of these fish, which travel in enormous masses called *banks*, whose passage it is the business of the herring fishers to intercept. From six to seven thousand boats, and no less than 30,000 men take part, each season, in the Norwegian fishery; and the value of the herrings taken by them averages \$2,000,000 yearly, an enormous sum when the extreme poverty of Norway is considered.

The *rendezvous* of the various fishing expeditions is usually a wild rock overlooking the crowded islands and rugged fjords of the coast. At these points it is to be found a wooden church, with a hut beside it, which are closed and abandoned during the greater part of the year. When the fishing season approaches, a pastor installs himself in the little wooden presbytery, and a camp of tents rises rapidly round the little church; the flag of Norway is hoisted from the steeple, the fishermen arrive with their boats and their nets, their stores of salt and of casks, and merchants flock to the spot from every point of the country to buy the fish, and to sell provisions. For two or three months the desolate rock is a busy, bustling mart, full of life, labor, and animation. At length the flag is hauled down from the church steeple, church and presbytery are shut up, the tents are rolled, and the fishing is over.

There are two herring fisheries every year: the "spring fishery," which begins in January and ends in April, and the "summer fishery," which begins in June and ends in November. The "spring fishery" of this year is thus about to close its operations; but, busy as usual, has been a certain Friedrich Haller, of Bergen, long known as one of the boldest and most skillful fishermen of the North.

On the 22nd of January last, just twelve days after the opening of the fishery, Friedrich got into his boat with his young son, and went out to sea, the night being magnificent, to watch, at the foot of a cliff, whether any sign of the approach of the herrings could be seen, when he perceived the long reach of phosphorescent, shimmering light, extending to an immense distance, and approaching the coast: this was an enormous column of herrings, as the experienced eye of the fisherman may know, and lucky would they be who should succeed in taking possession of this abundant harvest of the "manns of the North." The bold fisherman continued anxiously to watch the direction taken by the approaching "bank,"

and when, to his great delight, the unsuspecting mass began to enter the narrow fjord beside which he was watching, he called to his young son to help him haul out the largest of his nets. These nets, which often measure many hundred yards in length, are one of the most important of the "engine" with which the fishermen carry on their operations, and no fishing-smack is ever without them. The "great net" was speedily hauled out by the united efforts of the father and son, dragged across the mouth of the fjord, and made fast as soon as the enormous mass of fish had fairly entered, to both sides of the fjord, with the skill and celerity which marks the operations of the accomplished fisherman. This important preliminary accomplished, Friedrich rowed back to the station as fast as oars could pull, roused the entire settlement from its slumbers, and engaged in his service, at so much per head, and so much per boat, every man and smack he could find, on condition that the night's haul should belong entirely to him. He then returned with all speed, followed by all the men and boys, and a fleet of fishing-boats, to the fjord in which he had implemented his fishy prey.

Next morning, all these boats, laden to their utmost capacity with the precious freight, returned to the station, where Friedrich sold off his haul to the merchants, at a price which had been settled at the opening of the fishing-season; and when he had paid off his army of auxiliaries, there remained to him a net gain of no less than twenty-five hundred species, a coin worth about a dollar. It is said that this sudden fortune—enormous in the eyes of a Norwegian peasant, to whom it would be difficult to spend a dollar, so low is the price of all the necessities of life in that primitive region—is not without precedent; more than one wary and intelligent fisherman having, in similar manner, contrived to spy out and capture a "miraculous draught of fishes" like that which has converted the lucky hero of this little adventure into a sort of Norwegian *millionaire*, and rendered him the object of the admiration and envy of all the fishermen of his native land.

Friends of mine, who made, last summer, a tour of five weeks up the fjords and across the centre of this northern Switzerland, hitherto so little known to the rest of the world, pronounce its natural features to be full of a sublimity, boldness, wildness, and beauty beyond description; fully equalling, if not surpassing, in their own way, the greatest magnificence of mountain and water to be found even in the land of the Alps and the Apennines. They travelled from London to Hull, took the steamer thence to Bergen, whence they started—a party of four—on a well-combined tour, embracing all the finest views and greatest curiosities of the lower half of the western coast. There are no regular communications through Norway; but the Government compels the chief man at each "station" to keep a boat, or a rude cart and horses, as the case may be, for the use of all who may demand them. The "station" is a wooden house, with a few huts grouped round it, and a rude church, which is the nearest approach to what in other countries would be called a village, which Norway can boast. The population is very sparse, and scarcely anything like the scattered rural population of other countries exists there. Except bread, butter, cream and milk of the richest quality, delicious mountain berries of various kinds unknown elsewhere, and strawberries surpassing in flavor those of the Alps, fish in abundance, and occasional beef or mutton, you can find nothing to buy, of any description, from one end of Norway to the other, except in the towns.—If you lose your overcoat or shoes in the open country, you will be exceedingly lucky if you can procure anything to replace them, ever so rudely, before you reach the nearest town, perhaps forty or fifty miles off, in a country where that distance will require a couple of days to get over. The price of food and the hire of vehicles or of boats are fixed by law, and at so low a rate that the people would rather not see a traveller through the whole year than be obliged to provide them with necessities at so low a figure. There are no inns.—You go into a "station," open the rude cupboard which contains the provisions, cook them yourself, look about you, and appropriate for the time being any utensil you may need, do the same with regard to the rude deal boxes, with a little straw, or a few dried leaves, which serve as beds, and when you leave, pay the appointed tariff to your unwilling host. Not that the people are inhospitable or unkindly; they are quite the reverse; but they are very poor, are used to wait on themselves, and do not understand that you may not be accustomed to do likewise; and, moreover, the tariff established by Government is so ridiculously low that what you pay barely saves these simple folk from actual loss. Occasionally you come to a "station" where the people happen to be less unsophisticated, and consequently are more obliging, and where the offer of a small gratuity, over and above the legal payments, will probably go a good way; but these cases are rare. Yet even in the keenness of the appetite produced by the deliciously pure and bracing air of the region, and the excitement of the ever-shifting magnificence of scenery about you, that travellers in Norway appear to get through with a prodigious quantity of "vittles," and declare that nothing ever tasted so delicious to them as the simple elements of the Norwegian fare. One of my friends chanced to speak Danish, with a smattering of Norwegian, which put him at once on a different footing with the people, and seemed to draw out their sympathies most wonderfully. He says the effect of the scenery of the fjords, deep long channels running for miles up the land, and forming narrow passages, through which the tide rushes often with tremendous fury, (though sometimes these *narfs* are many miles wide, and the stream at the bottom only an ordinary arm of the sea, and of their shelving sides, so steep that you cannot stir out of the narrow path that is cut along their flanks—of the overhanging pine forests and beetling crags, and of the intensely pure blue sky above, is beyond expression beautiful. The top of the mountain region, which these fjords cut, as it were, into fringes, forms a table land six thousand feet or more above the sea, and there do the people of the region slide through six months of the year, tending their flocks and

herds. This population is, of course, quite out of sight of the traveller, who merely skirts the sides of the fjords, or crosses them in boats when he wishes to go round the coast, instead of following the fissure to its head. No vehicle, no boat, is bound to take you beyond the next "station;" arrived there, you make a new bargain with the people of the place, who take you on to the next "station." Sometimes you are able to send a messenger on in advance, so that a boat or a cart may be ready on your arrival, which saves time. My friends describe the people as a fine, hardy race, the women remarkably handsome. They went up two or three of the most renowned fjords to their head, saw the great glaciers, and "did" all the principal points very thoroughly, turned off half-way up the coast, and crossed the country to Christians, thence to Hull, and to London.—The entire cost of this long tour, from the day they left London till that of their return, averaged \$125 per head, of which the double voyage cost \$55. The total cost of the tour through Norway itself, including food, lodging, vehicles, boats and guides, was thus only \$70 apiece, for a space of thirty-two days, or very little more than one dollar a day! The renovating effect of the trip, with its pure air, the admirable beauty of the scenery, and the pleasant contact with a simple, primitive, and kindly people, whose like are not to be found elsewhere in Europe, has been voted excellent by my friends, who say they never enjoyed any trip so highly, nor resorted so much benefit from any. Yet they have travelled widely over Europe; and have seen much of its most celebrated scenery. As an illustration of the kindness and *noblesse* of the people, they tell how, on one occasion, they stopped to fish at a most romantic point, on a Sunday, as it happened, (for, though "go-to-meeting" people in general, they had been so absorbed by the incidents of their journey that the whole party had utterly failed to remember that it was Sunday,) just below a rude bridge, which was itself just below the little church of the "station" above, when suddenly the people came pouring out of the little sanctuary, and all stood still to watch the strangers, who had arrived during the service. The appearance of the people, dressed in their best, some grouped upon the bridge, some gathering around the party, was very picturesque. Finding that one of the party spoke a little Norwegian, their pleasure and curiosity were extreme. They piled him with questions, asked about his wife, and how many children he had, and as he happened to have photographs of all his family in his pocket, he showed these, to the great delight of the people, especially of the women, who passed them from one to the other, and asked innumerable questions about them, expressing their exalted idea of London as a "wonderful city," and wishing they could see it. Every one in the crowd wanted to take the strangers home to dinner, and seemed disappointed at being refused. Offers of milk and wild raspberries abounded also; but the travellers had just dined in their usual abundant style, and were incapable of any further allowance at that time. No less than 1,200 travellers visited Norway last year; and as all are enraptured with their tour, it is to be feared that their pleasant solitude will ere long be invaded by the swarm of vulgar sight-seekers, and yet more vulgar people who travel to lovely places only because it is fashionable so to do, whose presence has had the effect of raising the price and diminishing the pleasure of travelling, in all the favorite regions farther to the south. So those of your readers who may meditate a journey to this romantic land, had better do so before "all the world and his wife" have packed their trunks and carpet-bags for a similar expedition. QUANTUM.

Where, oh, where are the visions of morning,  
Fresh as the dew of our prime?  
Done, like the tenants that quit without warning,  
Down the back entry of time.

Where, oh, where are life's lilies and roses,  
Bathed in the golden dawn's smile?  
Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,  
On the old banks of the Nile. —Halmes.

Life appears to be too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrongs.

A young Frenchman, a pupil of the Academy of Painting, met with a Spaniard covered with dirt. The young painter observed that the Spaniard's hands, though very dirty, were well made, and proposed to him to draw them. A certain remuneration was offered, and the bargain struck. The Frenchman conducted him home, and told him to wash his hands. Even so, the Spaniard went into an adjoining closet, but soon returned, apparently deep in reflection. "Which hand, sir, do you mean to draw?" said he, as if to wash his hands was an unnecessary labor!

On the edge of a small river in the county of Cavan, Ireland, there is a stone with the following inscription: "N. B. When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." But this is even surpassed by the famous post erected a few years since by the surveyors of the Kent roads: "This is the bridge-path to Faversham. If you can't read this, you had better keep the main road."

You seldom need wait for the written life of a man to hear about his weaknesses, or what are supposed to be such, if you know his intimate friends, or meet him in company with them.—Wentworth.

Some one named Dr. Marsh, for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that is the difference between a man and a jackass: the jackass can't change his mind, and the man can. It's a human privilege."

Quick, the constable, one day passing through Broker's Row, Moorfields, was seized upon by the barker of a furniture warehouse, who, without ceremony, pulled him into the shop, and began puffing off his tables and chairs. Quick, being old and infirm, made little resistance, but asked the man if he were master of the shop. "No, sir," said the barker, "but I will fetch him immediately." The man returned with his master, to whom Quick put the question: "Are you master of this shop, sir?" "Yes, sir; what can I do for you?" "Only," replied Quick, "just hold your man a minute, while I go out!"

To speak harshly to a person of sensibility is like striking a harpichord with your fists.



## FROZEN UP;

## THE HOUSE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

The Mountain House, in 1858, was a favorite winter resort. Thither the world of fashion sent its most select representatives. It was an admirably managed hotel, all the newspapers said. Its host was a gentleman, a specimen of nature's nobility; and the madam was as gentle, pretty and refined, that her boarders became her friends and always left her with regret.

And what a table they kept! Never were covers so white! They fairly sparkled in their purity. It was not possible to find one speck on the polished glasses, or the most minute mote of dust on any part of the table-furniture. To be sure, there was not much dust anywhere. The winding road that led directly to the house—the only thing that was not grown, was so finely gravelled and so thoroughly dampened every morning by the clouds that hang over the mountain top, that it was impossible to raise the dust of that kind, at least. Grandly reared the emerald standard peaks backward. Or if not covered with verdure, the rocks like huge castles, colored gorgeously, stretched a panorama of splendor on every hand.

I will not chafe on the scenery. Suffice it to say that no sooner had the sultry heats of July and August come upon the land, than gay crowds were tripping it up the hill towards the mountain-house—and in the morning every body was dressed to see the glories of a mountain-sunrise.

From that beautiful house, long and glowing letters had been written by those privileged hotel-loungers, reporters and correspondents for the press. Every body who read those charming letters, longed for a seat upon that piazza, where with mellowed beauties and gentlemanly young men, they might enjoy chit-chat and the scenery together.

There came however at one time, a season of unusual depression. Merchants carried home inglorious faces, and poor clerks, the sad news that they were out of place. Crash after crash announced the failure of this and that great house. Wives dared not mention expenditures, and if daughters pouted—they pointed to themselves.

Hopeful, or rather hopeless young men, were taken into private rooms and expostulated with; forbidden to indulge this or the other costly taste; and handsome households had the blues, generally.

That year (as it happens, sometimes) the people of the Mountain House had expended more money in repairs, and for certain elegant additions to their house, than was usual with them. In fact, they had made a very large hole in the general purse, and looked for an extra supply of boards to make it good again.

The season passed as others had, but not with the same results. Fewer letters were written from the "Kyrie Perch," as poets called it—fewer beauties displayed their charms, fewer beams were there to see them. In fine, at the end of three months, the Carsons found themselves terribly in debt.

What should they do? To go down into the town and live in their usual winter-style was not to be dreamed of; it would ruin them. But to spend the winter in that bleak place—the thought was equally frightful.

There were Blanche, sweet little Jenny—Tom, a boy of fifteen—the matron mother, and a handsome fellow of twenty-two, by name Willis Parker, called upon to consult together at the close of a September day.

The last of their boarders had left them. Ten trunks had waddled down the main road under the superintendence of the porters; three young ladies and two old ones, little thinking of the sorrows they were leaving, had given their last kisses and adieus. Blanche had been held by the hand rather longer than she liked by their respective brothers (five young men) and now they were left alone.

"We must settle this matter," said Mr. Carson—commonly called by those who were intimate with him, Bob Carson—"and we might as well talk it over. Come, girls, mother—take your shawls and we'll go round to the west portico and have a counsel, as the Indians do."

A summer sweetness lingered in the bland air. It had been an unusual day—a weather-breezer, perhaps, for the sky had been of a July freshness, and it was pleasant with all the windows up.

"Oh! papa—I'd say once for all—stay," cried little Jenny, pointing rapturously to the horizon all hung with gold and crimson, while far above their heads unfurled banners of regal coloring, streaming proudly over the grand old mountain, and tinging the white walls of the summer house, and the pillars and long glittering windows with almost unearthly beauty.

"Yes, father," Blanche said, thoughtfully, (I did not mention that Blanche was quite a little queen in her way—so self-possessed, so royal and graceful!) "I think we might manage to enjoy ourselves here. It will not be really a great while you know."

"But the bitter cold, Blanche, we know nothing of it yet," her mother murmured, apprehensively.

"Merry on us! is that all, mother? We can keep up roaring fires, you know—at least there must be wood enough cut to last the winter through."

Her father glanced towards his shade. "I don't know," he made reply—"I did, to be sure, get in an extra lot—it seems providential now—and then down in the gorge, there are trees enough to be cut—but I'm thinking of the altitude. In even an ordinary winter it will be colder up here by many degrees, than in the town."

"But pa! such beautiful winters as we have had!" interrupted Blanche eagerly. "So little snow! scarcely enough to give one a good sleigh-ride. I don't believe we shall suffer at all!"

Willis Parker was looking at Blanche with all the earnestness of a lover. How beautiful she was! Could he possibly exist a winter without beholding her?

"Blanche it seems to me wouldn't be immu-

ed here," spoke her father, as if in answer to the young man's thought. "How many invitations have you out, for the winter?"

The young girl blushed rosy-red.

"May Mapleton would scarcely take no for an answer," was her reply, "and dear Mrs. Switzer almost dragged me away with her."

"Yes, confound 'em," thought Willis, "one has a brother and the other a son, both mad after Blanche."

"Well, why don't you go to the Mapleton House, pet? I know they want you. They're as rich as Jews, and would make you as happy as a queen amongst them."

Willis trembled for the reply.

"No thank you, father—I'd rather stay here with mother and you. There are plenty who say they'd like me to come and visit them—but here I know I'm welcome."

"Yes, that you are, darling," murmured the mother, tenderly.

"Oh! dear—I don't care for anything but my school," cried Tom; "could I stay down there, some way?"

The father looked grave again. An internal injury by which he was prostrated years before, had rendered him, so far as labor was concerned, helpless—at times the care that in keeping a hotel devolved upon him, gave him seasons of serious illness. He could send therefore to do little for Tom, for his school bills were heavy—and in addition his heart and other items would keep them seriously in the background.

A bright thought made Willis Parker's eyes dance. He was away from home on a travelling tour, and intended to remain until spring, somewhere, at least, in the vicinity of the Mountain House. But now he said,

"I tell you what, uncle, (Mr. Carson enjoyed that relationship only through marriage,) if you'll let me stay, I'll play tutor to Tom. I should enjoy it mightily. Winter must look glorious from here, and we'll have famous grand times!—that is, Tom and I, at first, studying, you know. What do you say, uncle?"

"Why stay, and a thousand times welcome!" cried Bob Carson, holding his hand out—seeing Blanche color and her eyes sparkle. "Of course you shall. I feared you'd think I insulted you if I proffered an invitation, but since you propose it, why I'm glad from my very heart; that I am. Tom here will like it, I know."

"I like it," said little Jenny, creeping up to the young man's side, while Tom cried, "I thought of that, but I didn't dream you would."

"Very well," said the father, "now let's sum up our resources. Plenty of fire-wood—?" he paused a moment, and then added, "perhaps! Plenty of oil—perhaps! Plenty of hens and chickens, I know—hams, potatoes—all the larger will want replenishing, but it will hold out a long while yet. Come, children, do you see how low the sun is getting?—and the air is chilly. We had better go into the house. It is settled, then, that Willis remains with us—bless me, Willis, you forget the pleasures you forego. There are the balls, the rides, for remember, we're top of all creation here—the theatre—the—"

"I long ago gave up such nonsense," said the young man, blushing as he felt that Blanche's eyes were upon him. "Besides, we can dance, and get up things of that kind very easily amongst ourselves. At any rate, I want to try it. I want to say that I have wintered, as well as summered, at the famous Carson House."

He laughed lightly, and they all went in to talk of what they would plan and do.

For the first few weeks the trial progressed swimmingly. Great fires were kept up, for they could easily cut more wood, they said, and the indoors was jovial in proportion as the outdoor cold increased. It did begin to be extremely Arctic. But when the winds roared, and the house shook, what did they care? Of nights they chatted and read, danced and sang, and shouted to their heart's content, confident that here they might make all the noise they pleased, and no one could criticize. They had resolved to turn the great kitchen into their winter-house, and furnish it with parlor and sitting-room furniture. There they had their study, their play-ground, and their work. Not only did the stove grow red, with the brick fire made from the solid wood, but the great fireplace was heaped up with roaring logs. Their one servant, a kindly, affectionate creature, who would not leave them, was at the same time, extravagant and thoughtless. She loaded on the wood, and as the family had been accustomed to use all they wanted, they did not think that there is a bottom to the longest and deepest wood pile.

The men in the day time attended to the poultry, the pigs, the cow and the horse, and brought in great stacks of fuel, which, some way, were sure to disappear before the next day.

"Well, I don't know, but, after all, I shall have to go down the hill for some woodcutters," said the father, coming in one mild morning in January.

"Cannot we cut it?" asked Willis Parker.

"I can answer for myself, no," replied the father, smiling; "and as to you and Tom, it would kill you up in a couple of hours. The best way to do is to go down to Tim Hammett's, it's only a mile and half down. He always has plenty of hands, and will be glad to come. In a day and a half he will cut enough for a year. I'd be sure we were so far out. Someway I've been saying—I'll go down—at such a time, but it's been stormy or something. However, the weather is mild now—we've had but little snow, and no drifts."

"Oh! father, I don't like it," said Blanche.

"Don't like what, puss?"

"Why, your going. You might be overtaken by storms, lose the road, or something terrible might happen to you."

Bob Carson laughed at the fears of his pretty daughter.

"If you say much," he cried, heartily, "I'll take Willis off with me, and then you'll have no man to protect you."

"I should like to know what you call me?" asked Tom, bravely, looking up from his Latin grammar.

"A man, sir—in perspective," said his father, bowing with mock courtesy.

Still, though Blanche blushed crimson at

her father's reply, she did not feel very pleasant at the prospect conjured up by her excited imagination. Notwithstanding she knew they had barely wood enough to last them two or three days, she dreaded that her father should encounter the winter dangers of the mountain.

"If I'm not back to-morrow don't be frightened," he said, gallily, as he set off full of animation. "If it keeps pleasant I shall go to the town and get a few things we need."

"No, no, you must not," said Blanche, threatening in a pretty scolding way, then added, tearfully, "if you don't come back to-morrow, I'll come after you."

It was a mild, bland day, and, except to the very weather-wise, there were no signs of a storm. To men well skilled in reading atmospheric changes, the day itself would have prognosticated storm. There seemed but little life in the air. A hush brooded over the stately groves that sloped away from either verge of the road at some distance below the house. Every object lay so still, so fairly pictured, that one almost held his breath for fear the lifeless shapes and colors might dissolve.

The landlord reached Tim Hammett's cabin in safety, learned that he had work, but would be ready to come in a day or two, and then set forward for the town.

At home, a cloud seemed to have fallen upon Blanche Carson that neither Tom's lively sallies, Jenny's queries, or her mother's anxious, questioning looks seemed to dissipate. Every few moments she would leave her work and stand gazing down the road, and off to the distant, distant fields, where everything was reduced to so small a scale, that they called it in sport, "pigmy town."

"What makes you so uneasy, my child?" asked her mother, as for the twentieth time Blanche sprang from her seat, and lingered long by the window.

"I don't know," replied Blanche. "It's a strange feeling come over me when father first spoke of going. Without him it seems as if we were buried alive up here."

"That's a foolish trouble, Blanche," said her mother, feeling, nevertheless, more anxiety than she dared show. "It will continue mild for several days, I should think—that say you, Willis? Is there the least indication of a storm?"

Willis went towards the window and lifted it. Almost at the same moment came a short, sharp gust of wind, that cut like a knife, so intense and icy it was.

"The wind is coming up," said Willis, scanning the clouds; "and there is one flake of snow, at any rate. See, on my hand."

But it had melted.

"I knew it would storm," said Blanche, her eyes full of tears. "Just listen."

Another gust shook the whole house.

"Nonsense! that's nothing!" said Tom and Willis.

"He won't think of coming up, of course, if it should snow heavily," added Tom. "For my part, I don't see any use in worrying; girls always worry. Come, Willis; we'll get plenty of wood in, and give piggy the feed. I'm more afraid for the poor creatures. I wonder if they would be warm enough, if a storm should come."

"We'll do our best by them, at any rate," responded Willis, and pulling on coats and mittens, the two went out together.

"Sure, then," said Biddy, "if it's going to be as big a storm as I dreamed of, ye won't be seeing the master for some time, I be thinking."

"Why, how had a storm did you dream about, Biddy?" asked Blanche.

"Sure, it was way over our heads! I thought it piled another mountain on us. And true as I live, there were a great snow image away up in the sky. And says Miss Jenny, says she, 'That's my father! the snow took him up there.'"

Blanche gave a little cry, and grew deadly pale.

"Nonsense, Biddy!" said Mrs. Carson, "you needn't have told that part, when you see how nervous Blanche has been. It was curious, too," she added, smiling, "how, if the snow was all over our heads, you could possibly see anything in the sky."

"Yes 'em, it was mighty cur'us," said Biddy, "but I did," she added stoutly.

Presently Tom and Willis came back, blowing their fingers. The inmates of the great kitchen did not need to be told how terribly cold the atmosphere was growing; every moment seeming to add to the keenness of the wind. In vain Biddy piled the wood on, till Tom cried out,

"Hold! remember there's precious little left, and we may not get more as soon as we expected."

"I think we had better make some screens," said Willis, whose breath formed in clouds as he spoke. "At the rate it's growing cold, all the fire the place could hold would hardly keep us warm."

So they set out to hunt for boxes or frames to cover, and draw up to the fire. It was strange what an awful chill had settled on every other part of the house.

"I tell you what," King winter has been locked in here," said Willis; "but now he's got out of doors. I didn't want to say it down stairs, but I wish your father was safe housed. Why? I never heard such a temper!" he cried, as the wind roared and dashed up against the walls. "The suddenness of it; only think!"

"There'll be no trouble," said Tom, "if father don't start to come back. He's safe enough there, by this time; if he'll only stay. It would be certain death, to attempt coming home if this storm should be a regular north-easter; such as I've heard of. And to tell you the truth—what we shall do for wood, if he doesn't come, I'm sure I don't know."

"Oh! we'll manage," said Willis, heartily. And having found the requisite materials, viz: summer net-doors and quilts, they descended, almost frozen to the kitchen.

Night came on, and the storm began to rage with awful fury. The sullen boom of the wind striking against the uneven rocks and the overhanging cliffs, sounded like thunder, and the snow rushed against the shutters, and seemed pouring, like legions of small shot, all over and above the hotel. Nothing was perceived long—neither study, play, nor talk. Willis

had essayed to read; but Blanche and her mother looked so anxious, and asked questions so wide of the story, that he saw their minds were not on it, so he gave it up.

"I never, never can go to sleep in such a storm!" cried Blanche; "feel that!" and she caught, in terror, at Willis's arm, as the home rocked to and fro, almost like a ship in the gale.

"I move we sit up all night, then," said Tom.

It was in fact, past midnight, when they had all retired. They had taken small rooms that led out of the kitchen, and when they opened the doors, it was like plunging into an ice-bath. What would they do, should this terrible cold increase?

The next morning they met together with languid faces, and muffled up as if for an outdoor journey. There was no hearing with the intense cold otherwise.

"This is living in the mountain with a vengeance!" said Tom, with chattering teeth. "Oh! Biddy, put on the wood! put on the wood, girl! don't you see how blue we are, and nearly frozen?"

"No, Tom," said his mother, gently, "you remember we have but little wood—and we must husband what there is left."

"Husband be blundered!" cried Tom, with a boy's roughness; "I'll have the barn, and everything else in the fire, but what we'll be warm. Oh! gracious, and his teeth chattered."

"How are you getting along, Blanche?" asked Willis, edging himself into the screen where she and Nelly sat.

"Oh! miserably," said Blanche, looking up, was begone and trembling. "I'm thinking all the time of father. What will he do?"

"Stay where he is," replied Willis.

"Then what shall he do?"

"Do as Tom says," replied Willis, "pull down the barn. But I hope we shall not need it. It may clear away by noon. Whew! it does blow, don't it?"

"The last of the ham's gone, missis," said Biddy, coming up to the fire.

"I expected as much," replied Mrs. Carson; "but there are the hens and chickens, and the two pigs; we shall have plenty while they last."

They gathered about the breakfast table, but they all looked and felt somewhat desponding. The snow was drifting very rapidly and coming steadily, as if it never intended to stop. Tom and Willis found it hard work getting to the shed, and came in with their piles of wood, looking so white and cold, that they called forth the pity of the household. During the morning, they labored with a will, and brought in all the wood there was, declaring that they should have to go to work and split the barn to pieces.

"We hunted everywhere for the axe; where do you suppose it is?" asked Tom.

"Why! don't you remember? papa had it over his shoulder!" cried little Jenny. "He said he was going to get it ground."

"Thunder! so he did," cried Tom, agitated.

"Why! hadn't you but one?" asked Willis.

"You see father always had all the wood cut and piled," replied Tom, "and we didn't really need more. We're cornered; what shall we do?"

"No neighbor to borrow of," said Willis, laughing.

"Not within three miles, sure," replied Tom, "except Tim, the wood-cutter's, and it wouldn't be possible to find the way now. Poor father! but then of course he won't think of coming home!"

"Of course not," said Willis.

"At any rate, there's wood enough to last us to-day and to-morrow—so let's make ourselves easy—but Willis—"

"Well, Tom?"

"What shall we do if it keeps on drifting and growing cold at this rate. Look there—drifted up half-way over the window."

"We must make a shovel and make as many paths as we can," he replied.

"I'll bet you a dime there isn't a shovel on the premises, except the fire-shovel. I heard father scolding our porter for losing or breaking one; and great fools that we were, entirely unused to such an altitude, you know, we let Nathan, the gardener, lug off all his tools. What in creation are we to do?"

They went into the house. Blanche sat resting her head on her hand, looking sorrowfully into the fire. She had tried to drown her thoughts in labor, but she had finished her work, and now, with awful forebodings, sat listening to the moaning wind.

"Does the storm grow worse?" she asked.

"I should think not," said Tom, bravely.

"A plague take mountain houses, in winter, say I."

"Blanche," said Willis, "you don't know how pale you are growing; this troubling yourself will injure your health. I know Uncle Bob didn't, or wouldn't, undertake to return. I know it."

"Do you think so?" she asked, looking up. A bluish tinge her pale cheek as she met his earnest, worshipping glances.

"I do think so, honest bright, dear Blanche."

"Dear Blanche!" It was the first time—and oh! how sweet it seemed!

"For my sake—may I say it, Blanche, don't look so was-begone. There is no danger, believe me."

"Is you think so? Well, perhaps I am foolish," she replied, smiling faintly. "I have been thinking suppose we should get snowed up here, and it was impossible for father to return—or he—?" she shuddered. "No wood, you know, and so deadly, deadly cold. Do you believe it, I'm not warm right here by the fire."

"It's cold weather, Blanche, there's no denying that, and there's promise for considerable more snow. But then think of these four strong arms, Tom's and mine. Don't fear but they'll send you in fuel. As for uncle, he'll be snug in some friend's warm house."

"Oh! but he'll think of us! he'll think of us! and it will set him nearly distracted. He'll imagine all sorts of horrors; and oh! perhaps in spite of reason and warning, he may start and perish in the snow."

Her voice was lost in a sob.

"I think of it nights; I can't sleep," she

cried, "I see him in every horrible place. You know there are such dreadful chasms—oh! Willis! I can't help it," and she sobbed like a child.

Jenny came up, drew her arms about her sister, and laid her head on her bosom. Poor little Jenny! she was so muffled up with extra dresses, shawls, hood and mittens that nothing could be seen save her bright eyes, full of tears.

"Tom!" cried Willis, starting up—for he began to feel a dimness in his own sight—"something's got to be done."

"I know it," said Tom, stoutly, "I'm your man—you're older than I am—just give your orders."

"Well, in the first place, we must make shovels," said Willis.

"If you'll just enlighten me as to the how," said Tom, gravely.

"I'm not much of a tool-maker myself, to be sure, but I think we'll find some boards down cellar."

"There isn't any down cellar," said Tom, "there's not any down here, in fact we're all up—and next thing we shall be covered up."

"Well, then, we'll find boards somewhere, and take carrying-knives, jack-knives, or anything—get lines and the like, if we can't make them any other way. We must shovel paths I tell you, or it will be impossible to get about. And another thing. There are plenty of trees just a little ways down, and we can break off the branches—they'll crack in this cold weather easily."

"Whew!" whistled Tom. "Let me tell you your highness (for we're all highnesses now) that there are no landmarks here by this time. You don't know our precious mountain-top. It's full of gullies and precipices and all manner of uncertain things at the best. I tell you it's risky business going over it without somebody that knows all the ground even in the summer time. No, no, we must chop down everything that can be chopped, make more screens, and keep in exercise."

Mourning the women of the little household looked forth while they could. On the third day the storm still raged, with, it seemed, increasing violence. Some of their windows were thoroughly darkened by the fearful drifts, and the cold had coated the windows with a white mail that resisted all the heat. Willis and Tom had succeeded in making a passage under the snow from the back door to the barn, and from thence they brought every available thing for fire-wood. Both of them were seriously frost bitten, one in the hand, the other in the foot, and no amount of exercise seemed to serve to keep them warm.

A dreary prospect was before them. For fifty years the people in the town said there had not been a winter so severe as this—what must its violence have been on that cold, bleak mountain top? To add to the horror of their situation, they were in a state of the most awful suspense with regard to the father and husband. Their fancy conjured every mound of snow into his grave. They knew that, well aware of their condition, he would make almost superhuman efforts to ascend the mountain. Tom and Willis had once attempted to find even the way to the path, but gave it up in despair, wandered till they were almost helpless with cold, and returned nearly frozen.

Blanche moved around like a shadow. A heart-broken look had settled on her beautiful face, and she never smiled. Her mother seeing her so utterly cast down, strove to be cheerful in her presence; but often the voice faltered, and the head was turned sadly and quickly away.

Blanche was idolatrously fond of her father. She had always been his nurse in his hours of illness, his confidante with her mother in all his troubles. The suspense, therefore, with regard to his fate was, to her, overwhelming.

One morning there came an announcement that every available thing had been taken from the outhouses for firing. The floors had been stripped up, the doors broken down—in fact there was nothing more to burn, and the cold so intense that it was almost death to venture out of the house!

Tom and Willis for the first time seemed discouraged.

"We can't freeze," said Tom, desperately, "that's out of the question, if we have to tear the house down."

So they started for a tour of destruction. The first things that went were the bedsteads. In all the chambers up stairs there was frost two inches deep, and it was hard work to handle the heavy furniture. The floor was coated, the chairs were covered, the tables were mazel, the mirrors were solid—in fact it seemed as if everything were congealed in ice. It was a pity to hack and hew mercilessly the beautiful furniture, but there was no alternative, they must do that or perish. Several times had they felt in the ever increasing cold that terrible torpor that precedes the effortless trance of death, and they were not willing to lose their lives while anything remained that could be used for fire-wood.

At last there was a huge load of costly fragments piled high beside the stove. The space around had meantime been well guarded by sofas, rudely made screens and unhinged doors fastened together. Beds were brought in this immediate vicinity for the women and little Jenny, and not far off slept Willis and Tom.

"I saw father in the night," exclaimed Blanche one morning.

She had risen, but exhausted lay down again on one of the lounges near the stove.

"Saw him! what do you mean?" cried her mother, noticing for the first time, her glittering eyes and crimson cheeks.

"I went to heaven, mother, and met him there. Oh! you can't think how beautiful he looked! Like fine gold, pure, clear and shining. He said he should be here soon, and told me to get all ready for him, and especially to have a warm bath, for he was so cold!" and the feverish girl shivered as she spoke.

Her mother went close to Willis, almost broken-hearted. "What shall I do now?" she cried, clasping her hands in anguish, "Blanche is ill, feverish, incoherent—and there's no doctor; no medicine!"

"I have medicine in a little trunk," said Willis, "that is, if it's not frozen up. Don't be alarmed—I have studied my future profession sufficiently to understand her symptoms. Dear

Blanche!"—he said tenderly, going towards her—"it is an illness induced by constant mental anxiety."

Sickness, alarming in its character, was now added to their other troubles. Blanche lay fearfully weak, raving in the wildest manner, of her father, of the Mountain House—and calling upon God to save them from death by hunger and cold.

A week passed. The storm was over, the sun came out, but did not appear to abate the fierce cold. Blanche grew no better, and little Jenny was also prostrated with the fever. Biddy, between extreme fright and cold, declared that she too, was sick, and it seemed as if the dark wing of the pale angel hovered over the little household.

Willis gave his whole attention to the invalids. Night and day, with sleepless vigilance, did he hover above the two couches, using his utmost endeavors, meanwhile, to keep up the spirits and the health of the almost hopeless mother. Blanche often lay whole hours with her head on the breast of her lover, and fancying him her father; it was to her a sweet resting-place.

Tom moved about, pale, moody, changed from the frolicsome boy to the care-worn, premature man. The house itself was desolate enough. Shrouded in frost from base to roof; many of the doors were taken down and used in the fire; and even the beautiful furniture of the parlors had been sacrificed to keep them warm.

In this situation were they one morning, some three weeks after Mr. Carson had started from home. Jenny lay deathly white, her breath fluttering up from her throat, her eyes fixed in the last agony of expiring life. Mrs. Carson held her, the pale and soul-stricken weep. Blanche on another couch, lay in a deep stupor; and kneeling at her side, watching intently for the least change that might indicate returning consciousness—or the sadder sorrow of her death, was Willis, white as she, and worn with his labors and his grief. Biddy was making something over the fire for their refreshment; and Tom, all in a heap, sat afar off, his head buried in his hands, and moaning that little Jenny was so near her doom.

Suddenly he lifted himself—looked earnestly towards his mother—then bent his head—clasped his hands and listened. Hark! Strange sounds! footsteps—footsteps, surely! voices! glad, glorious human voices. Oh! yes, he heard them—but perhaps it was the fever! His brain, also, was burning hot. Again, and again—those sounds: nearer and nearer they came. There was tramping, pushing—there was a loud, anxious, confused talking. He could not be mistaken. On the crust over the window at the west piazza they came—those sounds! those notes! New—a crash—oh! God be praised! oh! God be praised! some one had dared the terrors of the snow-piled mountain, and come to give them hope and life.

At the strange sound, Mrs. Carson raised her head—her cold, dim eyes, that longed for tears. No matter for the noise now—let them break down the house—little Jenny could not hear—little Jenny was in heaven—perhaps with her father.

Down the slippery stairs they came, and there at the door—his face white—his hands upraised—crying out with a piteous cry—"Oh! my God! my God!" stands the husband! the father—Bob Carson—living, breathing, speaking—but smitten with horror.

With a wild cry, the wife fell into his outstretched arms. Tom, too, sobbing so that his whole frame shook with joy and anguish, hung on his father's neck. Blanche, roused from that unearthly trance, holding up her weak, pale hands—"Oh! father! father! has my father come?"

It was a sight never to be erased from the tablets of memory. The three stout men who had come with the anguished father, stood and wept like children.

"Oh! my little Jenny!" moaned the father—"did I dream of this when I left thee? Oh! my Blanche! my darling, 'I've for father's sake.'"

Very slowly did the stricken girl recover. They laid little Jenny in her snow-clad grave. Her face looked like that of an angel—so beautiful! that they kept her for days and could not bear to put her out of their sight.

The story of the landlord's detention was soon told. He had been taken ill in the town, and, for a while, hovered on the brink of the grave. After his recovery, his friends would not let him venture to return; but finding him determined, a party of men set out together, that they might cheer and aid each other. How they accomplished the perilous journey, they never could tell. Several times they were on the very brink of death, but by aid of stimulants and a noble courage, they conquered the terrors of the ascent.

It was a long while before Blanche recovered. The birds sang among the branches, and the sunshine was melting the snow, when first she walked, leaning on the arm of Willis. He had fairly earned his right to call her his, and as soon as they could with safety leave the Mountain House, they returned to the town, and Blanche became a wife.

They never took the Mountain House again. The memory of that bitter winter effaced all love for the beauties of the situation, and little Jenny was brought from her mountain grave, and buried in the valley.

A wealthy relative dying, bequeathed a moderate fortune to the Carsons. Tom became a famous lawyer; and Doctor and Mrs. Willis Parker are among the most learned and honorable of all the town's people to this day. Sometimes, when the stranger is overtaken there—when the snowy wind howls round the mountain's base—he sits by the roaring fire in the hospitable farm-house or inn, and he is sure to hear the story of that terrible winter and the suffering family of the Mountain House.

A German Prince, when introduced to an Englishman, by way of appropriately commencing the conversation, observed, "It had weather to-day." The Englishman shrugged up his shoulders, and replied, "Yes—but it is better than none."

BEWARE OF IDLENESS; the listless idleness that lounges and reads without the severity of study, the active idleness for ever busy about matters neither very difficult nor very valuable.







"I should like to ask them questions about the other world. How can you say that there are no such things as ghosts, when the Bible tells us that Saul saw the spirit of Samuel? Don't you believe the Bible, grandmamma? All good people do."

"Hector put an emphatic emphasis on the word 'good.'"

"Lady Lillias said, 'Well, we won't discuss the subject of ghosts any longer this evening. Perhaps you have some other sort of story you can tell me, or little poem you can repeat.'"

"The boy reflected for a moment or two, and then exclaimed, 'Yes—oh yes! there's no ghost in this one.' And in his clear, bell-like voice he recited,

"Through the dark rocks are mute, lady, and the eagle left no tale;

And the wild sea's voice speaks not, in mortal tones, it wails;

Though the bright stars above, lady, looked on in dumb dismay,

And the dead sea more mournful, for good or ill, can stray;

"Yet there's a piercing eye, lady, an eye that ever sees,

And the deepest shade of gloomy night before its splendor flees;

That eye was on you then, lady, and in the book of doom

Is traced the sentence you will meet in worlds beyond the tomb."

The crowd became almost fierce on the brow of Lady Lillias, and, rising suddenly, she dismissed the boy, while, after he had left the room, she paced it up and down in a fit of fury rather than in any fit of repentance.

"Who can dare to teach him such words? Can it be that any around me suspect how that vile Latiner came by his death? The body was never found; the bloody marks at the entrance to the cave I myself obliterated at midnight, a very few hours after he met his fate, and before the faintest streak of dawn light could have revealed it to mortal eyes. Can this be—murder? that his child (for that child is actually his) should seem to be imbued with a supernatural knowledge of some mysterious deed? Hush! I will admit no cowardly thoughts—there was no crime in punishing the guilty and avenging the insulted honor of our house."

But though Lady Lillias contrived to silence the "still small voice of conscience," she was fretted beyond endurance by little Hector's insinuations, and, too often, painful questions, and she determined to send him to some school far away from all the associations of his early childhood. Application was made to Lord Angus to recommend a suitable establishment, and immediately after his tenth birthday, Hector Lockhart was placed at a school where he had to fight his way among the boys of his own age, and those older than himself. He was never a popular boy at the school, for his disposition was too proud and too gloomy; but he was extremely clever, and gained every prize that he took the trouble to contend for. One thing astonished his masters and companions, that there was no inducing him to visit Craig Luce Castle during any of his holidays. The other boys all delighted to go home—but he had no happy home recollections. He contended himself, however, with telling the inquisitive that the castle was very dull, as no one lived there but his old grandmother, for poor Archy was looked upon by the young boys as "nebulous." Lady Lillias appeared to give way to her grandson's whim, but in reality she was glad to escape the periodical holiday visit, and she hoped he would be an altered being when he finally returned home.

Time wore on, and Lady Lillias, too callous to be pained by her past crimes, might have spent some peaceful days in her advancing years, but she was kept in much anxiety about Hector. As he grew older his manner became very strange, he sometimes fell into fits of deep melancholy which lasted for weeks, and then, if anything angered him, he would suddenly pass into an excess of furious frenzy, more like insanity than bad temper. He talked at times wildly, and it was found absolutely necessary to remove him from school, and place him quietly with a private tutor. Lady Lillias sanctioned everything that was done, under good medical advice, for Hector's advantage, his poor mother's wealth supplying the means. It was feared that he showed symptoms of incipient derangement, change of scene was recommended, and he travelled about with his tutor.

During one of these migrations he met a youth of the name of Latiner, two or three years older than himself, and his tutor was amazed at the strong resemblance he bore to the stranger. No brothers could have been more alike than they were in features, and even in voice, though the Englishman had not the Scotch accent of Hector Lockhart. On hearing Hector's name and lineage, the young Latiner remembered that it was at Craig Luce Castle his father had been so hospitably received, as he had heard when a child, and mentioning how much the older branches of his family had felt obliged to Lady Lillias, he invited Hector to spend some time with him at his uncle's house in Devonshire, that being his home, as his mother had married again and gone to reside abroad.

Influenced by a sort of morbid curiosity to know something of the Latiners, the relations of the unfortunate man whose name was so painfully familiar to him in his early childhood, Hector accepted the invitation, and he and his tutor were about to accompany young Latiner to Devonshire, when letters arrived from Lady Lillias recalling Hector to the castle on account of his father's (poor Archy's) dangerous illness. Hector, accustomed only to consult his own wishes, was on the point of refusing to return to Scotland, but the tutor, excusing his utmost powers of persuasion to induce him to go, and with a foreboding of evil which he did not attempt to shake off, Hector consented to revisit Craig Luce.

Arrived there, they found poor Archy at death's door. He did not recognize Hector, who was now a tall youth, about eighteen years of age, and very manly-looking, but mentioned the name of "Mr. Latiner," and, accordingly, Hector's resemblance to that unfortunate individual was perfectly wonderful. Archy manifested much uneasiness as Hector

stood by his bedside, and motioned him to go away. As Hector, however, kept his ground, the dying Archy seemed for a moment to gather strength, and shouted in a paroxysm of horror.

"(The dead man, got! What d'ye want wi' me? I didna tak your life—I had naething to do wi' it—it was na me!"

Lady Lillias brought Hector to leave the room, and when he had gone, the poor sufferer became calm again. He soon after seemed very drowsy, and slept on until slumber had merged into death.

Hector had retained his old partiality for the Munros, and speedily resumed his intimacy with them. He would chat with Donald and his wife as he had been his equal, and he never looked gloomy when playing with their children. But Lady Lillias was more jealous than ever of his regard for that family, and, forgetting her usual prudence, she one day attacked him openly about these "low, designing wretches," as she called them. Hector fired up, and warmly defended his favorites. The old lady and he both became much excited, and at last Lady Lillias told him that if he continued to visit these people as he had been doing, thereby taking them out of their sphere of life, and teaching them to be insolent to their superiors, she would dismiss Munro from his situation, and turn them all off the estate.

"Try it," said Hector, in rising wrath; "just dare to try it, and see what you will bring on yourself."

"Dare!" exclaimed Lady Lillias; "is it to me that you use that word?"

"Yes, to you," replied Hector, nothing daunted at her. "At present you may be all-powerful here, as you have so long been, but in a very few years, when I am of age, I shall have my legal rights, and your reign will be over."

"Not while I live," retorted Lady Lillias. "I will yield my power to none while life is spared me, and these presumptuous peasants shall be driven with ignominy out of my lands."

"I am Lockhart of Craig Luce," said the boy, drawing himself up proudly; "you cannot keep my inheritance from me; and when I am twenty-one, Donald and Helen Munro shall come to live here—here, in the castle itself, and it will be you who shall be turned out."

Lady Lillias's large black eyes glared as of old, as she turned them full upon the youth, but he met her sithering gaze with a dauntless look.

"Lockhart of Craig Luce!" she cried, scornfully—"you a Lockhart? Insolent boy! One word from my lips would scatter your claims to the wind."

Hector made no reply, but he looked at her fiercely, and then laughed derisively. His contemptuous manner increased her rage, and, losing all self-control, she exclaimed,

"You do not know who you are; but I can tell you. You poor benighted being, upon whose corpse you looked so coldly; was not your father—you are a base-born—"

"Hush, Lady Lillias—hush! Speak not these words of shame, or it will be the worse for you," said Hector, clenching his fist; "I will suffer no obloquy to be cast on my unfortunate mother's name."

"Your mother was false to her husband," shrieked Lady Lillias; "you are not Lockhart of Craig Luce; you are the son of the villain Latiner!"

"Am I—an I?" gasped Hector; "then it is my duty to revenge my father's death upon his murderer!"

And he sprang like a tiger on Lady Lillias, but she shook him off with a sudden jerk, and, hastening towards the long bell rope, she set it to ring for assistance. He caught it from her hand, and in another moment he had twisted it round her neck! She was taken by surprise, and, before she could resist him at all, he had pulled the rope like a noose tight round her throat. Lady Lillias tried to scream, but only a sort of hoarse gurgling sound came forth; she then exerted all her strength to struggle with Hector—but her struggles only served to tighten the noose round her neck; at length they set the wires in motion, and the bell rang furiously. After a few moments several persons rushed in; the tutor hastened from the library—the butler from his pantry—the female servants from their various employments; and horror-struck they all were at the scene which met their eyes. The tutor and the butler together managed to drag Hector from his victim, while the women undid the noose, and released Lady Lillias from the cord which was strangling her. She was a dreadful spectacle! Her eyes were starting out of her head, her face was purple, and the veins of her forehead were swollen, as if about to burst.

She was laid on a sofa, and everything was done to recall animation, but without effect. Lady Lillias died—died in all the obduracy of her hardened heart; without time or thought for one prayer for mercy to the Throne of Grace, her soul, stained with unrepented crime, was sent into the awful presence of her Creator and her Judge!

Hector, who had, indeed, been the avenger of his father's dreadful death, remained in a terrible state of excitement the rest of the day, and, before night, he was raving in all the delirium of a brain fever. During his long illness, his attached nurse, Helen Munro, attended him with unwearying assiduity, for there was no one now to exclude her from the castle. At length young "Lockhart of Craig Luce," as he was still styled, recovered his bodily health, but his mind was gone, apparently for ever; he became a decided lunatic, and it was deemed necessary to remove him to an asylum for the insane. There, death, in a very few years, ended his mortal career; and Craig Luce Castle passed into the possession of the heirs at law, the distant connections whom Lady Lillias had so much disliked, and to exclude whom she had concealed her knowledge of the unfortunate Latiner's guilt, and had pretended, from the period of his birth, to believe that her child was legitimate. Strange to say, though aware that he was not her own grandson, Lady Lillias had loved the boy, and hence arose her jealousy of his attachment to his nurse and her husband.

The worst human heart must cling to some

thing, even if it be but a dog, or a cat, or any other creature that has life. Perhaps, too, Lady Lillias felt herself impelled by some mysterious, hidden, unacknowledged influence to make up to the innocent child, in as far as she could, for the awful punishment she had inflicted on his unhappy father. Her kindness to the son might have been a sort of compromise with her conscience, if it ever whispered to her the unwelcome truth that the stain of murder was on her soul. Now, in a moment of violent passion, the affection, the caution, the silence of years had been forgotten and cast aside!

And is it not too often thus among those who live only for this sin-pervading world? Expediency, prudence, selfishness itself, will give way before the headlong fury of angry passions when these are not controlled by a strong sense of duty. Duty, not to one's fellow-creatures alone, but to that great invisible Being to whom we are accountable for every action of our lives, and every thought of our hearts.

The successors of the ill-fated Hector were gay people, fond of society and amusement, and who had no reverence for the ancient family of Lockhart, or the ancient castle of Craig Luce. The latter they found an intolerably stupid abode even for a few weeks in summer, and therefore they were, what poor Lady Lillias would have called, such *barbarians* as to sell the place to a rich Paisley weaver, who fancied that by becoming a landholder he would take rank among gentlemen. But the few families in the neighborhood abstained from visiting the new owners. This was a sad mortification. The old castle required an immense deal of repair; and the weaver's wife and daughters were terrified out of their wits by the dreadful tales told to them by the servants of the mysteries of the "Haunted Cave," the unearthly noises that were heard, and the fearful apparitions that were seen in various chambers of the castle itself. The weaver's lady vowed that nothing would induce her to spend a winter amidst ghosts in that dreary solitude, and she was then determined to abandon the gloomy dwelling to its fate, though the new proprietor retained the lands attached to it.

The castle consequently fell into decay; and as fresh generations sprang up, the aristocratic position, the pride, the crimes, and the misfortunes of the Lockharts of Craig Luce began to be forgotten, or were only alluded to as stories of "old lang syne" by the descendants of Donald and Helen Munro, and of one or two other old tenants, who had imbibed their grandchildren's minds with awe for the haunted turrets of the dilapidated old building which still went by the time-honored name of "Craig Luce Castle."

#### A CURIOUS CASE.

In 1847, only twelve years ago, an English nobleman, Sir William Paget, renowned in the best society of London for his eminent erudition, his many beauties, and fascinating conversation, and well known to the literary world by his writings, went over to the Continent. Having visited France, Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, he went to Hungary, a country which was then on the eve of great events. He spent several weeks at Pesth, and in the neighboring country seats of the Hungarian nobles. In the beginning of Autumn he visited Transylvania, and was received at the castle of Count S. Bethlen, with all the oriental hospitality and generosity that a rich Hungarian magnate likes to display to every man of education who visits him. Count Bethlen was descended from the old royal family of the Bethlen-gabors. He was a fine-looking old man—every inch a real gentleman. He was married some years previous to a young noble lady of his country, the Countess M. L., who was not yet twenty years old, the Count being nearly fifty. He had known her as a child in the home of her mother, and she married him, as young girls often do, more for the high respect than for the deep love she felt for Count Bethlen. Notwithstanding both lived a happy family life in the old immense feudal castle of the Bethlen near Clansburgh. Sir William Paget, to whom the Count had given a suite of apartments, saddle horses and attendants, lived several weeks in this family, enjoying the varied hospitalities of the castle and country. It is needless to say the brilliant conversation and the exquisitely polite manners of Sir William soon found grace in the eyes of the young and beautiful Countess. Sir William proved the "Consuelo," and a criminal love ensued. One day the Count went out hunting on horseback. Sir William Paget stayed at the castle with pretended illness; but one of the Count's attendants warned Count Bethlen if he would but return to the castle he would find the stranger in the Countess's apartments. In hot haste the Count rode home, and found Sir William in the bed-chamber of his lady. Arming himself with pistols, he forced Sir William to follow him to his private room: being there, he sent for a notary and two confidential witnesses, asking Sir William if he had abused his hospitality and confidence in consequence of a real love to his wife, and if his love met a response. The answer being in the affirmative, he ordered the notary to draw up a contract of marriage between the Countess of Bethlen, born Countess M. L., and Sir William Paget, late of the Royal Hussars of London. The contract in the royal language of the other hand, the Count with a terrible but quiet earnestness summoned Sir William to sign the act of marriage, immediately or to die on the spot. Sir Wm. Paget signed the contract. The next day the Bishop of Clansburgh was sent for, a divorce was legally procured, and a week afterward the marriage formally completed in the castle of a neighboring nobleman. The Count gave to his wife all her jewels, horses, and carriages; and some months afterward Sir William Paget bought from him one of his large possessions in Transylvania, where up to the present time he lives happily with his wife.—*Correspondent of Daily Tribune.*

A lady whose style of piety was more affected than attractive, once took a friend to task for wearing feathers. "But," said the friend, "why are my feathers any more objectionable than the brilliant artificial flowers in your own bonnet?" "Oh," replied the censorious disciple, "Christians must draw a line somewhere, and I draw it at feathers."

thing, even if it be but a dog, or a cat, or any other creature that has life. Perhaps, too, Lady Lillias felt herself impelled by some mysterious, hidden, unacknowledged influence to make up to the innocent child, in as far as she could, for the awful punishment she had inflicted on his unhappy father. Her kindness to the son might have been a sort of compromise with her conscience, if it ever whispered to her the unwelcome truth that the stain of murder was on her soul. Now, in a moment of violent passion, the affection, the caution, the silence of years had been forgotten and cast aside!

And is it not too often thus among those who live only for this sin-pervading world? Expediency, prudence, selfishness itself, will give way before the headlong fury of angry passions when these are not controlled by a strong sense of duty. Duty, not to one's fellow-creatures alone, but to that great invisible Being to whom we are accountable for every action of our lives, and every thought of our hearts.

The successors of the ill-fated Hector were gay people, fond of society and amusement, and who had no reverence for the ancient family of Lockhart, or the ancient castle of Craig Luce. The latter they found an intolerably stupid abode even for a few weeks in summer, and therefore they were, what poor Lady Lillias would have called, such *barbarians* as to sell the place to a rich Paisley weaver, who fancied that by becoming a landholder he would take rank among gentlemen. But the few families in the neighborhood abstained from visiting the new owners. This was a sad mortification. The old castle required an immense deal of repair; and the weaver's wife and daughters were terrified out of their wits by the dreadful tales told to them by the servants of the mysteries of the "Haunted Cave," the unearthly noises that were heard, and the fearful apparitions that were seen in various chambers of the castle itself. The weaver's lady vowed that nothing would induce her to spend a winter amidst ghosts in that dreary solitude, and she was then determined to abandon the gloomy dwelling to its fate, though the new proprietor retained the lands attached to it.

The castle consequently fell into decay; and as fresh generations sprang up, the aristocratic position, the pride, the crimes, and the misfortunes of the Lockharts of Craig Luce began to be forgotten, or were only alluded to as stories of "old lang syne" by the descendants of Donald and Helen Munro, and of one or two other old tenants, who had imbibed their grandchildren's minds with awe for the haunted turrets of the dilapidated old building which still went by the time-honored name of "Craig Luce Castle."

In 1847, only twelve years ago, an English nobleman, Sir William Paget, renowned in the best society of London for his eminent erudition, his many beauties, and fascinating conversation, and well known to the literary world by his writings, went over to the Continent. Having visited France, Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, he went to Hungary, a country which was then on the eve of great events. He spent several weeks at Pesth, and in the neighboring country seats of the Hungarian nobles. In the beginning of Autumn he visited Transylvania, and was received at the castle of Count S. Bethlen, with all the oriental hospitality and generosity that a rich Hungarian magnate likes to display to every man of education who visits him. Count Bethlen was descended from the old royal family of the Bethlen-gabors. He was a fine-looking old man—every inch a real gentleman. He was married some years previous to a young noble lady of his country, the Countess M. L., who was not yet twenty years old, the Count being nearly fifty. He had known her as a child in the home of her mother, and she married him, as young girls often do, more for the high respect than for the deep love she felt for Count Bethlen. Notwithstanding both lived a happy family life in the old immense feudal castle of the Bethlen near Clansburgh. Sir William Paget, to whom the Count had given a suite of apartments, saddle horses and attendants, lived several weeks in this family, enjoying the varied hospitalities of the castle and country. It is needless to say the brilliant conversation and the exquisitely polite manners of Sir William soon found grace in the eyes of the young and beautiful Countess. Sir William proved the "Consuelo," and a criminal love ensued. One day the Count went out hunting on horseback. Sir William Paget stayed at the castle with pretended illness; but one of the Count's attendants warned Count Bethlen if he would but return to the castle he would find the stranger in the Countess's apartments. In hot haste the Count rode home, and found Sir William in the bed-chamber of his lady. Arming himself with pistols, he forced Sir William to follow him to his private room: being there, he sent for a notary and two confidential witnesses, asking Sir William if he had abused his hospitality and confidence in consequence of a real love to his wife, and if his love met a response. The answer being in the affirmative, he ordered the notary to draw up a contract of marriage between the Countess of Bethlen, born Countess M. L., and Sir William Paget, late of the Royal Hussars of London. The contract in the royal language of the other hand, the Count with a terrible but quiet earnestness summoned Sir William to sign the act of marriage, immediately or to die on the spot. Sir Wm. Paget signed the contract. The next day the Bishop of Clansburgh was sent for, a divorce was legally procured, and a week afterward the marriage formally completed in the castle of a neighboring nobleman. The Count gave to his wife all her jewels, horses, and carriages; and some months afterward Sir William Paget bought from him one of his large possessions in Transylvania, where up to the present time he lives happily with his wife.—*Correspondent of Daily Tribune.*

#### A DUEL IN A BALLOON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE COURIER DE L'EUROPE.

An affair of this nature took place some fifteen days or three weeks ago at the most, on the occasion of the last ascent but one of the celebrated and lucky aeronaut, M. Godard. M. Godard took with him on that day, as his companion, a wealthy private gentleman, who paid one thousand francs for the privilege of sharing in the perils of the expedition. The weather could not have been more propitious, and the balloon shot up rapidly to a considerable altitude.

"What effect does that have upon you?" asked M. Godard of his companion.

"Nothing," said he, laconically.

"My compliments to you," said M. Godard.

"You are the first whom I have ever seen arrive at such an altitude, without betraying some emotion."

"Keep on mounting," said the traveller, with a gravity supreme.

M. Godard threw over some ballast, and the balloon ascended some 500 feet higher.

"And now," added M. Godard, "does your heart beat?"

"Nothing yet," replied his companion, with an air which approached closely to impatience.

"The devil!" exclaimed M. Godard. "You have really, my dear sir, the most perfect qualification to be an aeronaut."

The balloon still ascended; when 1,000 feet higher, M. Godard interrogated a third time his companion—"And now?"

"Nothing, nothing; not the shadow of a fear whatever!" answered the traveller, with a tone positively disconcerted, and like a man who had experienced a profound deception.

"Goodness me! so much the worse then," said the aeronaut, smiling; "but I must renounce all hopes of making you afraid. The balloon is high enough. We are going to descend."

"To descend!"

"Certainly; there would be danger in mounting higher."

"That does not make the slightest difference to me; I do not choose to descend!"

"You what?" asked M. Godard.

"I say I wish to ascend higher; keep on mounting. I have given 1,000 francs in order to experience some emotion; I must do so, and I will not descend until I have felt some emotion."

M. Godard commenced to laugh; he believed at once that it was all a joke.

"Will you ascend once more?" demanded the traveller, seizing him by the throat, and shaking him with violence; "when shall I feel some emotion?"

M. Godard relates that at this moment he felt himself lost. A sudden and dreadful revelation broke upon him in regarding the strangely dilated eyes of his companion *de voyage*; he had to do with a madman!

To try to make a madman listen to reason—to ask for help amidst the clouds!

If even the unfortunate aeronaut had any defensive weapon, he would, after all, have been capable of defending himself; but it is not usual for people to furnish themselves with pistols for a voyage in a balloon, and certainly one would not dream of meeting with a warlike encounter in the stars.

The earth was 5,000 feet beneath—most horrible depth; and the least movement of the now furious madman might cause the car to capsize.

M. Godard, with the presence of mind acquired by him in so many of his daring aerial expeditions, made all these reflections in the space of a second.

"Ah! ah! you are mocking me, my fine fellow!" continued the madman, without losing his grip. "Ah! you think to rob me of 1,000 francs as well as my emotion. Very well, be quiet. It's my turn to laugh. It's you now who are going to cut a caper."

The madman was possessed of prodigious muscular strength. M. Godard did not even attempt to defend himself.

"What do you wish from me?"

"Simply to amuse myself in seeing you turn a summersault," answered the madman, with a ferocious smile. "But first," (the madman seemed to bethink himself,) "I have my idea. I wish to see if I can't find some emotion up there. I must put myself astride on the semicircle."

The madman indicated with his finger the upper part of the balloon. Just in speaking he commenced to climb along the cords which held the car attached to the balloon.

M. Godard, who had not before trembled for himself, was forced to do so now for the madman.

"But, miserable man you are going to kill yourself; you will be seized with vertigo."

"No remarks," hissed the madman, seizing him again by the collar, "or I will at once pitch you into the abyss."

"At least," observed M. Godard, "allow me to put this cord around your body, so that you may remain attached to the balloon."

"Be it so," said the madman, who appeared to comprehend the utility of the precaution.

This done, furnished with his cord of safety, the madman commenced to climb among the ropes with the agility of a squirrel. He reached the balloon and placed himself astride the semicircle, as he had said. Once there, he rent the air with a shout of triumph, and drew his knife from his pocket.

"What are you going to do?" asked M. Godard, who feared that he might have an idea of ripping open the balloon.

"To make myself comfortable forthwith."

Uttering these words, the madman slowly cut the cord of safety which M. Godard had attached to his body.

With a single puff of wind to shake the balloon, the miserable creature must roll over into the abyss! M. Godard shut his eyes, in order not to see. The madman claps his hands; he cannot contain himself with delight. He spurs the balloon with his heel, as if on horseback, to guide its flight.

"And now," yelled forth the madman, brandishing his knife, "we are going to laugh. Ah, robber, you thought to make me descend! Very well. It is you who are going to tumble down, in a moment, and quicker than that!"

M. Godard had not time to make a movement or put in a single word. Before he was able to divine the infernal intention of the madman, the latter still astride of the semicircle, had cut—oh, horror!—four of the cords which suspended the car to the balloon! The car inclines horribly—it only holds by two, I was going to say by one cord, so slight do they appear! It would have been all over with Godard if he had not grasped desperately at the two remaining. The knife of the madman approaches the last of the cords—yet a moment and all will be over!

"A word, a single word," cried M. Godard.

"No, no pardon," reiterated the madman. "I do not ask for pardon, on the contrary—"

"What is it you wish, then?" cried the madman, astonished.

"At this moment, now," continued the aeronaut, hurriedly, "we are at a height of 5,000 feet."

"Stop," said the madman, "that will be charming to tumble down from such a height."

"It is still too low," added M. Godard.

"How so?" asked the madman, nearly stupefied.

"Yes, my experience as an aeronaut has taught me that death is not certain to ensue from a fall from this elevation. Tumble for tumble, I much prefer to fall from such a height as to be killed outright, rather than to risk only being lamed—have the charity to precipitate me from a height of 9,000 feet only."

"Ah, that'll do," said the madman, whom the mention of a more horrible fall charmed amazingly.

M. Godard follows heroically his purpose, and throws over an enormous quantity of ballast. The balloon makes a powerful bound, and mounts 500 feet in a very few seconds.

Only—and whilst the madman surveys this operation with a menacing air—the aeronaut thinks to accomplish another, in a sense quite contrary.

The quick eye of M. Godard had remarked that among the cords spared by the madman, figures the one leading to the valve. His plan is taken. He draws this cord, it opens the valve fixed in the upper part of the balloon for the purpose of allowing any excess of the hydrogen gas to escape, and the result which he hoped for was not long in making itself apparent. Little by little the madman becomes drowsy, apathetic and insensible by the vapors of the gas which surround him.

The madman being sufficiently apathetic for his purpose, M. Godard allows the balloon to descend slowly to the earth.

The drama is finished.

Arrived on terra firma, M. Godard, not bearing any hatred to the author of his perilous voyage, hastened to restore him to animation, and then had him conveyed, hands and feet bound, to the neighboring station.

#### NEWS ITEMS.

It is stated that the divorced wife of Washington Smith, who played such a prominent part in the tragedy which resulted in the shooting of Richard Carter, by Smith, in Philadelphia last fall, was married about three months since to the editor of a Susquehanna county (Pa.) paper.

In the British House of Peers an attempt was recently made by Lord Campbell to make an alteration of the law of trial by jury, in respect to verdicts. His lordship would make it the law that a majority of nine, after six hours deliberation, should carry the verdict. But, in spite of his eloquence, his experience and his illustrations, the law lords were mostly against him, and the bill was lost by a majority of 23 to 7.

Mr. Barnes lately attempted to deliver a lecture on Money-Making, at Oxford, England, but was greeted with groans and hisses, hit with an orange, and peppered with chestnuts, till he was compelled to silence.

WASHINGTON IRVING was visited on the 3d inst., his 70th birthday, by his neighbors, who greeted the venerable man with honors and congratulations.

A GENTLEMAN of England of large fortune—worth £40,000—was indignant with his daughter, an only child, for marrying against his wishes. He quarreled with her, disinherited her, and left the whole property to his attorney and other gentlemen. His attorney, Mr. Warren, author of "Ten Thousand a Year," went to his colleagues, got them to sign their claims over to him, and then paid the whole £40,000 to the daughter.

FRANKLIN.—There now exists, says the Historical Magazine, in the town of Franklin, Mass., the identical library that Dr. Franklin gave to it for adopting his name. He was asked to give a bell for the meeting-house; he preferred to give a library, as a bell has more sound than sense. Most of the hundred or two books he gave are still preserved, and are among the best standard works in the English language.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On the 11th inst., William McKewen, of New London, Pa., was returning from a neighbor's house, in Mill Creek Hundred, Del., with a load of potatoes in his wagon, when the vehicle was upset and Mr. McKewen was killed by the whole load falling upon him. The body and team were not discovered until the morning of the 13th.

The number of passengers brought down to Panama, from San Francisco, by the regular and opposition lines of steamers, the last trip, was nearly thirteen hundred.

RENTING THE CANALS.—The Ohio canals are to be leased at public auction, on the 15th of August next, to the highest bidder, for a term of five years.

A CURE FOR WORK has just been published in Paris, entitled *Les Fatigues célestes* (Celestial Fatigues), with a prefatory letter by Emile de Girardin, who himself belongs to the same class.

NAVIGATION ON LAKE PEPE is now open. The first boat from St. Paul arrived at La Crosse on the 21st.







## Wit and Humor.

### CATALOGUE OF THE VARIOUS MODES OF SHAKING HANDS.

1. The *pump-handle* shake is the first which deserves notice. It is executed by taking your friend's hand, and working it up and down, through an arc of fifty degrees, for about a minute and a half. To have its nature, force, and character, this shake should be performed with a fair, steady motion. No attempt should be made, to give it grace and still less vivacity, as the few instances in which the latter has been tried, have uniformly resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the person on whom it has been attempted. On the contrary, persons who are partial to the *pump-handle* shake, should be at some pains to give an equable, tranquil movement, to the operation, which should on no account be continued after perspiration on the part of your friend has commenced.

2. The *pendulum* shake may be mentioned next, as being somewhat similar in character; but moving, as the name indicates, in a horizontal, instead of perpendicular direction. It is executed by sweeping your hands horizontally towards your friend's, and after the junction is effected, rowing with it, from one side to the other, according to the pleasure of the parties. The only caution in its use, which needs particularly to be given, is not to insist on performing it in a plane, strictly to the horizon, when you meet with a person who has been educated to the *pump-handle* shake. It is well known that people cling to the *force* in which they have been educated, even when the substance is sacrificed to adhering to them. I had two uncles, both estimable men, one of whom had been brought up in the *pump-handle* shake, and another had brought home the *pendulum* from a foreign voyage. They met, joined hands, and attempted to put them in motion. They were neither of them feeble men. One endeavored to pump, and the other to paddle; their faces reddened; the drops stood on their foreheads. And it was at least a pleasant illustration of the doctrine of the composition of forces, to see their hands clanking into an exact diagonal; in which line they ever after shook; but it was plain to see there was no cordiality in it; and, as is usually the case with compromises, both parties were discontented.

3. The *tourquet* shake is the next in importance. It derives its name from the instrument made use of by surgeons to stop the circulation of the blood in a limb about to be amputated. It is performed by clasping the hand of your friend as far as you can in your own, and then contracting the muscles of your thumb, fingers, and palm, till you have induced any degree of compression you may propose in the hand of your friend. Particular care ought to be taken, if your own hand is as hard and as big as a *fynging-jaw*, and that of your friend as small and soft as a young maiden's, not to make use of the *tourquet* shake to the degree that will force the small bones of the wrist out of the place. It is as seldom safe to apply it to gouty persons. A hearty young friend of mine, who had pursued the study of geology and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion, gave his gouty uncle the "tourquet" shake with such severity, as had well nigh reduced the old gentleman's fingers to powder; for which my friend had the pleasure of being disinterested—as soon as his uncle's fingers got well enough to hold a pen.

4. The *cordial* shake is a shake of some interest. It is a hearty, boisterous agitation of your friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure, and loud, cheerful exclamations of welcome. It is an excellent travelling shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed.

5. The *Peter Grievous* back is opposed to the "cordial grapple." It is a positive, tranquil junction, followed by a mild, subversive motion, a cast-down look, and an inarticulate inquiry after your friend's health.

6. The *pride* and *pride* minor are nearly monopolized by ladies. They cannot be accurately described, but are constantly to be noticed in practice. They never extend beyond the fingers; and the *pride* minor allows you to touch them only down to the second joint. The *pride* minor gives you the whole of the fore finger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing these with nice variations, such as extending the left hand, instead of the right, or stretching a new glossy kid glove over the finger you extend.

I might go through a long list of the *grip*, *regal*, the *sun-mill* shake, and the shake with *malice prepense*; but they are only factitious combinations of the three fundamental forms already described as the *pump-handle*, the *pendulum*, and the *tourquet*. I should trouble you with a few remarks in conclusion, on the mode of shaking hands, as an indication of character; but as I see a friend coming up the avenue, who is addicted to the *pump-handle*, I dare not tire my wrist by further writing.

Books not in Press.—"The Polishing of the Dan Cow," by the author of "The Scouring of the White Horse."  
"Whitely Brown," a poem, by the author of "Bitter Sweet."  
"Many Ways out of Wedlock," by the author of "Two Ways to Wedlock."  
"Ere Butten," by the author of "Adam Beads."  
"Before the Sun Rose," by the author of "While it was Morning."  
"The Live Notoriety," by the author of "The Dead Secret."  
"Words to be Borrowed," by the editor of "Readings for Lent."  
"Lodgings to Let," by the author of "Inquire Within."  
"The Column of Smoke," by the author of "The Pillar of Fire." (Decidedly a better story than the author's "Pirate of the Gulf," and "Dancing Feather.")  
"The Profane Truth Teller," by the author of "The Sacred Lyre."  
"How came he by it in the first place?" by the author of "What will he do with it?"

These nutritious volumes can be secured by corresponding publishers, if they will offer sufficient inducements to the authors to write them.—*Providence Press.*

TAKING IT COOL.—Mr. Barnes, wife, and two children, his niece and another young lady, with the writer, formed a party leaving Memphis for Clarksville, Tennessee, in the beginning of the summer of 1827. Arriving at Smithland, we were compelled to take a smaller boat on account of the extreme lowness of the Cumberland River. Such was found in the Nettle Miller, a very nice little stern-wheeler. We were proceeding on our way rejoicing, when suddenly we were thrown out of our nests and brought up all standing in the middle of the state-rooms. All the gentlemen rushed out in dismay to learn the trouble, and were frankly told by the captain that the boat was badly snagged, and would sink in a few minutes! Mr. Barnes flew with alarm to his wife and the young ladies, seized his children, deposited them safely in a wood-box, which the Nettle had in tow, and ran back. Surprised not to see any of the ladies out yet, he rushed to his wife's room, and found her quietly washing her face and hands.

"Why, my dear, the boat will sink in less than three minutes!"

"Well," she replied, "I think I can be out before that time."

Dragging her along, he rushed almost frantic with excitement to the young ladies' room, and found them very quietly combing their hair!

"For Heaven's sake!" says he, "young ladies, what do you mean? The boat will sink in two minutes, and here you are combing your hair!"

"Why, uncle," says the niece, "you didn't expect us to go out there before all those young men with our hair in this fix—did you?"

REMARKABLE HISTORICAL FACTS.—The New York *Picayune* says that the battle of Waterloo was not an American victory, and it is a matter of doubt whether any Chinese took part therein. Boarding houses were unknown in the island of Juan Fernandez at the time Mr. Sekikik resided there. Lager beer was unknown in the days of Ptolemy. The O'Brien family are descended from the constellation Orion. There are no existing Sanscrit manuscripts of Paus in Boots. The melodies of Mother Goose are undoubtedly the production of Tupper. Postage was not prepaid on the letters of Junius. The egg broken by Columbus was hard boiled. Ransom is presumed to be the first gentleman that ever travelled on his music. The Yankesdam, "Do Tell," was originally used by a boy named Albert, to his father, a Swiss gentleman famous for his skill with the bow. "Indian corn" would seem to indicate that the aborigines had an occasional need of the services of a chiropodist. Salt was originally manufactured in the upper stories of buildings—hence sometimes called attic. Garrote collars were first worn by Guy Fawkes.

INDIAN ANECDOTE.—Sagahashash, an Indian of the remains of a tribe in Connecticut, some years since brought before a justice of the peace on some charge or other, which I do not recollect. John happened to be drunk at the time, and instead of answering directly to the questions put by the justice, merely muttered out—

"Your Honor is very—very wise—very wise—your Honor is very wise, I say."

Being unable to get any other answer from him, the justice ordered him to be locked up till the next day, when John was brought before him perfectly sober.

"Why, John," said the justice, "you were as drunk as a bear yesterday. When I asked you any questions, the only answer you made was—'Your Honor is very wise—very wise.'"

"Did I call your Honor wise?" said the Indian, with a look of incredulity.

"Yes," answered the magistrate.

"Then," replied John, "I must have been drunk, sure enough."

### MARRIAGE.

From a lecture recently delivered by Bulwer, we extract a few passages:

"The law that binds the one man to the one woman," eloquently exclaimed the lecturer, "is so indelibly written by nature, that wherever it is violated, in general system, the human race is found to deteriorate in mind and form. The ennobling influences of woman cease; the wife is a companion—a hundred wives are but a hundred slaves. Nor is this all; unless man look to woman as a treasure to be wooed and won—her smile the charm of his existence—her single heart the range of his desires—that which deserves the name of love cannot exist; it is struck out of the healthful system of society."

"Now, if there be a passion in the human breast which most tends to lift us out of egotism and self—which most teaches us to live in another—which purifies and warms the whole mortal being—it is love, as we of the North hold it and cherish it. For even when the fair spring of youth has passed, and when the active life is employed in such grave pursuits, that the love of his early years seems to him like a dream of romance, still that love, having once lifted him out of egotism into sympathy, does but pass into new forms and development—it has locked his heart to charity and benevolence—it gives a smile to his home—it rises up in the voices of his children—from his heart it circulates incessantly on to the laws that protect the hearth, to the native land which spreads around it."

"Thus, in the uniform history of the world, we discover that wherever love is created, as it were, and sanctioned by that quality between the sexes which the permanent and holy union of one heart with another proclaims; there, too, patriotism, liberty—the manly and the gentle virtues—also find their place; and wherever, on the contrary, love disappears in the gross satiety of the senses, there we find neither respect for humanity nor reverence for home, nor affection for the natal soil."

"And one reason why Greece is contrasted, in all that dignifies our nature, with the effeminate and dissolute character of the East which it overthrew, is, that Greece was the earliest civilized country in which, on the borders of those great monarchies, marriage was the sacred tie between one man and one woman—and man was the thoughtful father of a home, not the lord of a seraglio."



The kind gentleman who always brings colored candies in his pockets for the children.

### THE UNDER DOG IN THE FIGHT.

BY DAVID BARKER.

I know that the world, that the great big world, From the peasant up to the king, Has a different tale from the tale I tell, And a different song to sing.

But for me—and I care not a single fig If they say I am wrong or am right—I shall always go for the weaker dog. For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world, that the great big world, Will never a moment stop To see which dog may be in the fault, But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me, I never shall pause to ask Which dog may be in the right, For my heart will beat, while it beats at all, For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said I had better not said, Or twice better I'd said it inco. But with heart and with glass filled cheek to the brim, Here's a health to the bottom dog.

Enter, Mr. March, 1859. —N. Y. Post.

### STAMMERING.

Is sometimes the result of habit or carelessness, at others, it succeeds a long attack of sickness. It is a kind of St. Vitus' Dance of the tongue. Not unfrequently it is brought on by the harsh treatment, or the inveterate ill-nature of parents, teachers, or superiors, in habitually meeting those under them with threatenings, scolding, or fault finding. We have met before now with a most miserable class of human, or rather inhuman beings, who scarcely ever enter a room where are children, or servants, or dependents, without the expression of some disapprobation or complaint. This has very naturally the effect to confuse and intimidate a child, especially one of a highly nervous or excitable temperament; while steadiness and composure are the very antipodes of stammering, which is essentially the throwing out too much nervous power, sending too much nervous influence to the muscles which are employed in speaking; the result is, a want of proper control of those muscles. Hence, whatever diminishes the nervous supply to those parts, whatever directs the nervous flow to some other part of the body, diminishes the stammering in the same proportion. This is the principle of cure in all cases, although we have never seen a reference to it by any writer. Some twenty years ago, the New York world was struck with dumbness at the instantaneous remedy for stammering, which was thrusting a knitting-needle through the tongue. But it cured only until the tongue got well, because, while the tongue was sore from the barbarous operation, the extra nervous energy was expended in the instinctive effort to refrain from any other than careful movement of the tongue. The expedient of Demosthenes in speaking with little pebbles in his mouth, was in the same direction. One of the most inveterate stammerers in London became possessed with a fancy that he would make a good actor. On his first appearance, the theatre was crowded, in curiosity. During the whole play, he did not mispronounce a single word, did not fail to utter distinctly a single syllable, because his mind was engaged in another effort, was excited in another direction, the extra nervous power found vent in another outlet—precisely as in the more recently alleged accidental discovery of a lady, that reading or speaking in a whisper is an instantaneous remedy; because it requires an effort to whisper; the mind's attention is directed to the act of whispering, and not to the distinctness of utterance. We will venture the assertion, that no man ever stammered in "popping the question" nor a young lady halt out y-y-e-y-e. Instinct itself prompts a cure. After a long illness from an accident, our Robert, aged three years, suddenly began to stammer most vexatiously. His whole system was in a debilitated and irritable condition. He had never come in contact with a stammerer. And believing that scolding, or threats, or ridicule, would serve to fix the habit for life, which would have been a great misfortune, we made an effort, without apparent effect, to divert his attention to some other thing than the stammering. For example, when he asked for anything, he was told: "Now, if you ask for it plainly, you shall have it;" and before we were aware of it, we found him, whenever he attempted to ask for anything, striking his little hand against his thigh, as he stood before us, at the enunciation of every syllable; and by encouragement, we found the habit broken up in a few months. As it is a lifelong calamity to have a son or daughter grow up a stammerer, we trust these hints may be turned

to practical account by those whom it may concern. Anything else done at the time of uttering each syllable, divides the attention, gives two outlets to the extra nervous flow, and the remedy is complete; make a mark, pull a string, turn a leaf, stamp the foot—any one of them will effect a cure in a reasonable time.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

MYSTERIOUS PROVIDENCE.—One man sucks an orange, and is choked by a bit; another swallows a penknife, and lives; one runs a thorn into his hand, and no skill can save him; another has a shaft of a gig driven completely through his body, and recovers; one is overturned on a smooth compass, and breaks his neck; and another tossed out of a gig over Brighton Cliff, and survives; one walks out on a windy day, and meets his death by a brick-bat; another is blown up in the air, like Lord Hatten in Guernsey Castle, and comes down uninjured. The escape of this nobleman was indeed a miracle. An explosion of gunpowder, which killed his mother, wife and some of his children, and many other persons, and blew up the whole fabric of the castle, lodged him in his bed on a wall overhanging a tremendous precipice. Perceiving a mighty disorder (as well he might) he was going to leap out of bed to know what the matter was, which, if he had done, he would be irretrievably lost; but in the instant of his moving a flash of lightning came and showed him the precipice, whereupon he lay still until the people came and took him down.

## Agricultural.

### TIMELY HINTS FOR YARD AND GARDEN.

Not a day should be lost in procuring and transplanting Shrubs, Roses, and Flowering Vines. We hastily enumerate the following list of choice hardy shrubs:

Pink Mezerion.  
Dwarf double-flowering Almond.  
Double purple Tree Peony.  
Chinese White Magnolia.  
Sourlang's Magnolia.  
Sweet-scented Magnolia, (M. glauca.)  
White Fringe Tree.  
Garland Duetria, (D. Scabra.)  
Large-flowered Syringa.  
Broad-leaved Laburnum.  
Rose Acacia.  
Tartarian Tree-honeysuckle, red and white.  
Double white Hawthorn.  
Double pink Hawthorn.  
Fragrant Clethra.  
Oak-leaved Hydrangea.  
Venitian Sumac, (or Purple Fringe.)  
Buffalo Berry.  
Siberian Lilac.  
The Althea or Hibiscus Syriacus.  
Colutea Arborecens.  
Chinese double-flowering Apple.  
Doutia Gracilis.  
All the Spiraea.  
Snowball, common though beautiful.

Some of the finest and hardiest climbing shrubs are the following:

Large-flowering Trumpet Creeper.  
Queen of the Prairie Rose.  
Chinese Clematis.  
Sweet-scented Clematis.  
Double Purple Clematis.  
Monthly Fragrant Honeysuckle.  
Chinese Twining Honeysuckle.  
Yellow Trumpet Honeysuckle.  
Scarlet Trumpet Honeysuckle.  
Japan Evergreen Honeysuckle.  
Chinese Bignonias.

The following may be regarded as the best climbing Roses, and almost constant bloomers:

Glory of Rosamond, buff color.  
White Microphylla.  
Phillipart, pink.  
Folliesburg, red.  
Infant d'Alezie, crimson.  
Jaune de Prey, buff.

The following is a good selection of Monthly Roses:

Hermosa, pink.  
Cels, blue and pink.  
Devonensis, creamy white.  
Archduchess, pure white.  
La Reine, deep pink, very fine.  
Baron Prevost, very fine.  
Giant of the Battle, crimson.  
Louis Philippe, red.  
Souvenir, blue.  
Luxemburg, buff.  
Queen of Lombardy, deep rose.  
Saffron, yellow buff.  
Daily, light pink.

These will afford a succession of bloom throughout the season.

About the first of May and after for two weeks, Flowering Seeds should be sown, and a dollar spent in procuring the best varieties, unless they should be on hand from the previous season, will afford ten dollars' worth of pleasure. These varieties should include, among others, the Astors, Phlox Dremondii, Sweet Alyssum, Blue Glove, Mignonette, Portulaca, New Golden Chrysanthemum, (summer flowering,) Sweet Pea, Double China Pink, Cereoidium, Barringli, Hyacinth, Flowering Larkspur, Lupinus, Scilla, Brysimum, Perofskyanum, Scabiosa, Major, &c.

The ground for flower seeds should be light and rich, and made as fine as possible. The seeds should be sown very thin on the surface, and carefully raked in. Of course no one must attempt to cultivate flowers without keeping the ground perfectly free of weeds, and often stirred, and if needed, watered.—*Germanicus Telegraph.*

HOW TO WATER A DRY FARM.—I have a piece of land lying two miles from our home farm, which had no water on it, there being a ridge on it twenty-five or thirty feet high. I discovered at the lower side of this ridge, some moist places, that did not dry up as soon in the spring of the year as the rest of the ground. Here I commenced digging a ditch, water level on the bottom, and after digging a few rods, following the course of the water as well as I could, I found sufficient water, ten feet below the surface of the ground. I then filled with cobblestones. At the mouth of this ditch I made a stone basin, not more than a foot square inside. This was done about eight years ago; since then we have had plenty of good, clean, running water, that never fails, fit for man or beast.—*Rural American.*

A CURE FOR MOLES.—A Hungarian gardener has discovered that, by placing a piece of string soaked in benzoin round flower-beds, about seven inches in the earth, no mole will ever pass the barrier. The same thing above ground will keep off hares and rabbits.

TO CURE WARTS IN CATTLE.—Dissolve potash to a paste, cover the wart with it for half an hour, then wash it off with vinegar. The cure is sure for man or beast.—*New England Farmer.*

## Useful Receipts.

RESTORATION OF SOILED DRESSES, &c.—It is not generally known that velvets are readily restored by passing the under side of the velvet over with a warm smoothing-iron. The best way of doing this, is for one person to hold the velvet tight, and another to pass the iron over it on the wrong side, after which the velvet must be spread out, and a very delicate brush passed over the surface. The good effect of this, even on the most worn-out velvets, will scarcely be credited till tried; velvets but little worn may be made to look as well as new by this process. A very simple, yet certain mode of removing spots from mourning dresses is, to take a good handful of fig leaves, which must be boiled in two quarts of water till reduced to a pint—squeeze the leaves, and bottle the liquor for use; the articles, whether crapes, cloth, bombazine, &c., need only be rubbed with a sponge dipped in the liquor, when the effect will be instantly perceived. Black silks may be washed as follows:—Warm small beer and mix some milk in it—then wash the silk in the liquid, and a fine color will be thus imparted. When a rigolette, netted or knitted, of fine white woolen or sephyr yarn, becomes soiled, wash it as follows:—Steep it in warm water till the water becomes cool, squeeze it out lightly and soap it with the best white soap; lay the rigolette, loosely, in a clean culender, set the culender over a pan of warm water, boiling, and let it steam till cool, then squeeze it out and shake it well; wash the culender clean, put the rigolette again into it, and place it over a fresh pan of warm water, working it lightly up and down, till the steam has rinsed off the soap—then open it out, shake it, and dry it fast in the sun. A long sephyr scarf may be washed in the same manner.

Also a netted or knitted shawl of fine woolen yarn; the shawl should be done in a small tub. No description of fine woolen should be rinsed in cold water, as the transition from warm to cold water will shrink it; and it should be shaken out and dried as fast as possible.

BROWN BUTTER.—Take two dozen fine, large apples, and cut them into thin slices, pare them, if preferred, but it is not necessary. Crumb up a loaf of stale bread. Take a deep pudding dish, put in a layer of bread crumbs, then one of apple, sprinkle over them some brown sugar, put in a piece of butter, and any spice that may be preferred, then sprinkle in a very little cold water. Put on another layer of crumbs, and then the apple, sugar, butter, spice, and water again. Go on until the dish is full, making the top layer of apple. Bake in a quick oven. Kat hot, with sugar and butter, or sauce.

ICE CREAM.—Take one quart of sweet cream, made very sweet with best sugar, and flavored; whip it to a light froth; skim off as fast as it is beaten and put into your freezer, until all is whipped to a light froth. You will find it will freeze in less time than any other recipe. The above will make five quarts of delicious cream.

ANOTHER.—Take one quart of sweet milk and cream; 2 eggs; 1 teaspoonful of white sugar; 1 teaspoonful of flour stirred into 4 teaspoonful of sweet milk; flavor to your liking. Put your milk in the freezer, or if you have no freezer a 3 quart pail is as good, and set it into a kettle of boiling water, stirring the milk frequently, so that it will not burn. Beat the eggs, and when the milk boils stir them into the milk—take it out of the water, put into the milk, the sugar, flour and flavoring. Put the ice into a bag and pound it into lumps the size of a hickory nut, put a layer of ice into a small tub, or whatever you wish to freeze it in, and a thin layer of salt, put your freezer or pail into the tub and then put a layer of ice and a layer of salt alternately around it. Stir the cream, which will freeze, from the sides with a spoon; stir it frequently until it is frozen. If you make it as directed, you will not fail of having excellent ice cream.—*Rural New Yorker.*

## The Riddler.

### HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 56 letters.

My 7, 8, 2, 2, 23, 14, is a celebrated city of Greece, once the great world metropolis of philosophy and art.

My 35, 32, 45, 22, 51, 31, 39, was celebrated for his published collection of drawings, entitled "Birds of America."

My 51, 52, 46, 29, 26, 34, 37, was a noted fortress in Paris, built in the 14th century, and destroyed by the populace in 1799.

My 26, 32, 5, 32, 14, were old dismasted ships, formerly used as prisons in England.

My 33, 11, 7, 18, 16, was an illustrious Grecian philosopher.

My 21, 36, 30, 1, 4, was an eminent novelist and historian.

My 47, 15, 43, 13, 9, is a beautiful and celebrated valley of Thessaly, in the northern part of ancient Greece.

My 24, 12, 55, 23, 7, is a city of Russia, noted for its literary institutions and medical academy.

My 19, 50, 23, 23, 44, 51, 7, 8, was a general of the Carthaginians.

My 40, 41, 42, 51, 58, 14, was an ancient city of Upper Egypt.

My 53, 25, 48, 43, 14, 5, 23, was an eminent British poet.

My 51, 22, 17, 49, 5, 39, was a famous naturalist, the eloquence of whose style gave a charm to his scientific works.

My 10, 7, 54, 52, 27, 30, 43, 51, 46, is a cave for the burial of the dead.

My 13, 20, 8, 28, 31, 23, was a mountain celebrated in mythology.

My whole was a memorable event of the war between the Medes and Lydians.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

### BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 10 letters.

My 1, 2, 7, 10, 5, was a Bishop of Tortona; died 1645.

My 1, 10, 4, was an English minister, grammarian, and Lexicographer.

My 10, 9, 2, 2, 7, 10, was the first who introduced the white mulberry into France.

My 6, 1, 5, 7, was a celebrated German alchemist.

My 8, 1, 3, was a celebrated German painter, who flourished about 1586.

My whole was a celebrated geometer born in Sicily. J. R. BRICKER.

### DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. A river in British America.

2. A river in South Carolina.

3. A mountain in Massachusetts.

4. A kind of grease.

5. A river in Missouri.

6. A river in Russia.

The initials of these from the top, or the last letters from the bottom, will form the name of a great philosopher. EDMUND D. WRAY.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a consonant.

My second is an exclamation of surprise.

My third is a beverage.

My whole sometimes injures sheep and potatoes. HARRIS.

### ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Amen. Late.

Bale. Sel tin.

Dolt. Mary.

Earn. The bear.

Form. Went.

Hog butt. Or beef.

GAIMEW.

### MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A has a valuable meadow, the shape of which is a scalene triangle. In this meadow there is a well of water; and if the largest possible circle be inscribed within this triangular meadow, its centre will fall exactly on the centre of the well. Now the number of rods from the centre of this well to the nearest corner of the meadow is equal to the square root of 5200; the number of rods from the centre of the well to the farthest corner of the meadow is equal to the square root of 5600, and the number of rods from the centre of the well to the other corner of the meadow is equal to the square root of 6500. B desires to purchase one-half of this meadow from A, to which A consents, on the condition that B shall cut off his half by describing a circle with its centre on the point of junction of the two shorter sides of the meadow. What is the radius of the circle which B must describe, according to the agreement, to cut off exactly one-half of the meadow? and how much more will it cost A to fence his half at \$0.50 a rod, than it will B to fence his, at the same rate per rod?

FRANKLIN, VENANGO CO., PA.

AN ANSWER IS REQUESTED.

### CONUNDRUMS.

Why are ripe potatoes in the ground like thieves? Ans.—Because they ought to be taken up.

Why does a coat get larger when taken out of a carpet-bag? Ans.—Because, when taken out, you find it in crumple.

Why is the letter N like a faithless